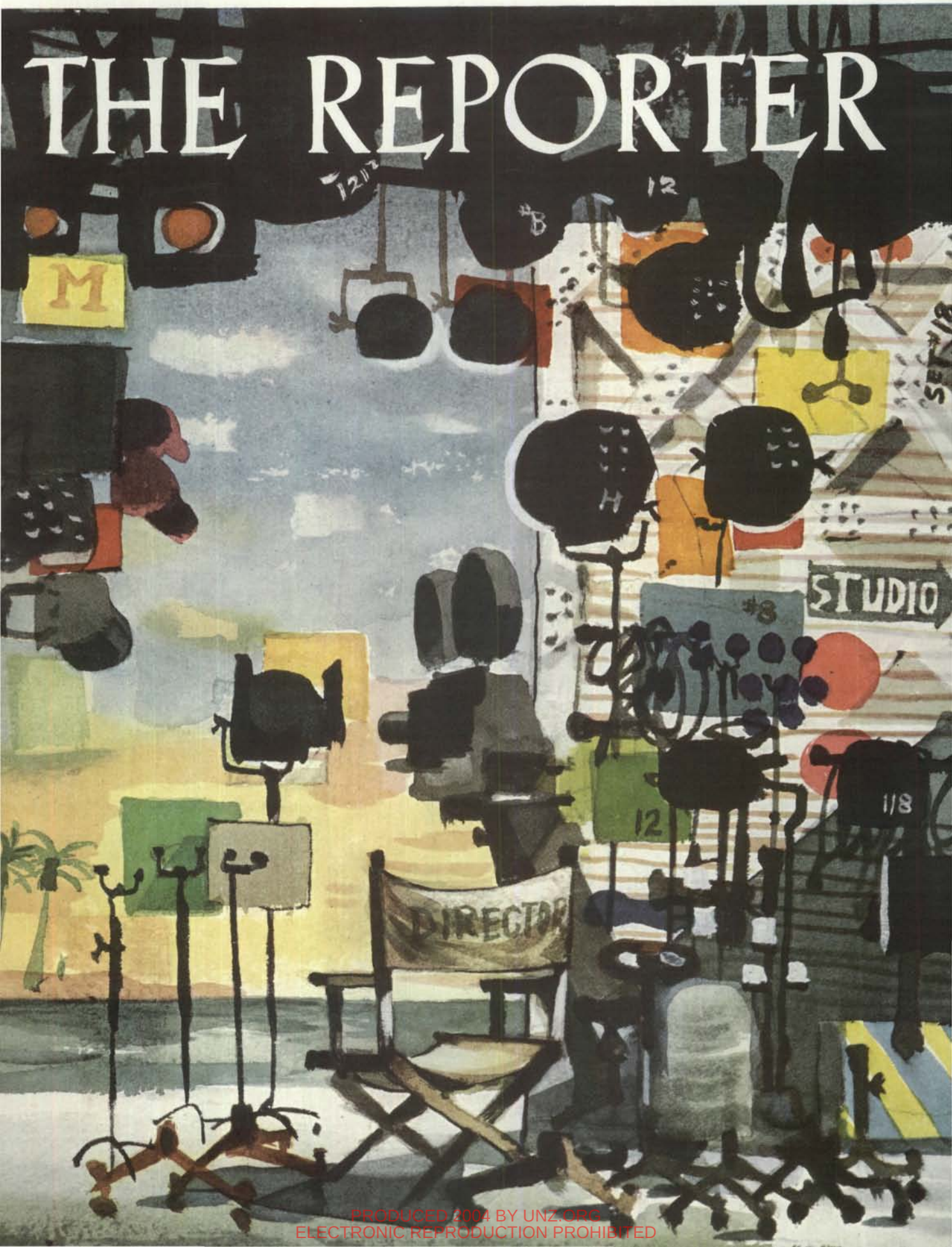
IT HAPPENS IN CALIFORNIA
February 21, 1957 25¢

Hollywood's Fall into Virtue

THE REPORTER



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. . . for the women of our time . . .

This is the physician who many feel has done most for women of our time. He is Dr. George N. Papanicolaou who pioneered in cytology and in developing the uterine cancer cell examination for the very early detection of cancer of the uterus or womb. If every woman had her doctor perform this simple, painless procedure once a year, thousands of those who have cancer of the uterus could be saved.

About 15,500 women die of uterine cancer every year. The tragic fact is that many thousands are lost needlessly because uterine cancer is one of the most curable of all types of cancer.

The uterine cancer cell examination is one of the advances in cancer research that could save your life, but only if you go to your physician once a year . . . every year.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

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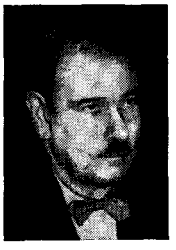
Why 477 U. S. manufacturers in Puerto Rico enjoy 100% tax freedom

Governor Muñoz Marín gives the facts:

"IN THIS statement, I shall explain Puerto Rico's economic position as frankly as I would to any manufacturer or labor leader who met me face to face.



GOVERNOR MUÑOZ MARÍN

Puerto Rico is currently making a determined effort to stand squarely on its own economic feet. At present we do not have nearly enough jobs to support our people.

We are therefore directing every energy to create more jobs at home, and to curtail migration to the States.

I shall go into details later. But first I want to make two points of our Government's policy absolutely clear:

1. Puerto Rico has no intention of winning industries away from anywhere. We do not grant tax concessions to runaway plants.

2. We do not and never will hold out low wages as an attraction to business. Our Government's firm philosophy is that wages should rise as rapidly as our economic development permits.

Let me now describe our basic problem."

Our Problem

"When people talk of over-population as Puerto Rico's biggest headache, they certainly don't exaggerate. It is. But this is probably putting the cart before the horse.

Our real problem is not over-population but *under*-development. What then is our best solution?"

Our Solution

"I am convinced that the answer is in more and more industry. Hence we are pinning our major hopes on our industrial development program, as the main pull of what we call Operation Bootstrap.

Lest any one should fear that my country's program might injure the United States economy, let me say this:

1. The U. S. already has 65 million employed. Puerto Rico needs to create only 100 thousand new jobs to solve its present problem.

2. One half of one percent of normal U. S. industrial expansion would achieve our whole economic program.

I hope these comparisons help to put Puerto Rico's modest needs in proper perspective."

Corporate Tax Exemption

If your net profit after U. S. Corporate Income Tax is:	Your net profit in Puerto Rico would be:
$ 29,500	$ 50,000
53,500	100,000
245,500	500,000
485,500	1,000,000

Dividend Tax Exemption*

If your income after U. S. Individual Income Tax is:	Your net income in Puerto Rico would be:
$ 7,760	$ 10,000
15,850	25,000
25,180	50,000
51,180	200,000

*Dividends are tax-free only if paid to residents of Puerto Rico by a tax-exempt corporation. Examples are based on Federal rates (Jan. 1, 1956) for single persons.

How you can gain from a new plant in Puerto Rico

1. A better return. Start a new plant in Puerto Rico and you are not only free from Federal income taxes (they don't apply)—you can be exempt from *local* income taxes too. Your freedom from Federal taxes is not a concession. It stems from that historic American principle—no taxation without representation. Puerto Rico has no vote in Congress, and therefore no Federal income taxes—corporate or personal.

As for your *local* income tax exemption, this is an *added* incentive, offered by the Commonwealth Government to attract the new plants that Puerto Rico's economy needs so urgently.

2. Abundant, skillful labor. Puerto Rico's labor force totals 650,000. The Commonwealth operates an ambitious vocational training program, which will even screen workers and teach them *specially* to operate your machines.

The following famous companies now have operations in Puerto Rico:

Union Carbide & Carbon, Remington Rand, St. Regis Paper, Beaunit Mills, International Latex, Carborundum Company, Shoe Corp. of America, United Drill & Tool, Sunbeam Electric, Univis Lens, Weston Electrical Instrument Co.

3. No currency or customs problems. Movement of goods, money and people between Puerto Rico and the U. S. is as free as between the states of the Union.

4. Low capital investment. New low-rental factories are ready to occupy. We will even build a *special* one for you on a very small down payment.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

All Eyes on Texas

It sometimes seems as if the Fates were conspiring to place the destinies of all of us squarely in the lap of Texas. Even as the western Europeans wait agonizingly to learn whether the Texas Railroad Commission, chief custodians of the state's oil, will hear their cry, we who share this continent with the Texans are suddenly made aware that the balance of power in the United States Senate will be determined by Texans on April 2. On that date they will vote in a special election to fill the Senate seat vacated by Price Daniel, who resigned last month to become governor. Daniel had delayed his departure in order to help organize the Senate for the Democrats; his temporary successor, William A. Blakley, appointed by retiring Governor Allan Shivers during his final days in office, is an Eisenhower supporter but has consented to go along with the existing arrangement in the Senate.

The matter is of concern because a switch of a single Senate vote away from the Democrats would balance out the party division—48 to 48—and thus give Vice-President Nixon the chance to cast his deciding ballot for Republican control.

What adds zest to the contest is that Texas has no provision for party primaries to precede its special elections. The Democrats down there claim they can't afford to finance one for themselves. As a result, at the latest count, five Democratic candidates were entered in the race against a single Republican, Thad Hutcheson, an attractive young man who has been greeted as a near-Senator by President Eisenhower. Under Texas law, the man who gets the most votes in a special election, be it only a small fraction of the total, gets the job.

At the time of writing, a frantic effort is being made to push a bill through the state legislature to provide for a runoff between the two top contenders. Otherwise, there is the very real prospect that Hutcheson may arrive in Washington.

Naturally, such crucial power as the Texans hold is accompanied by grave worries. Should they decide to overturn the Senate, for example, they would be stripping that loyal Texan, Lyndon Johnson, of his post as Senate Majority Leader.

It's all an intra-Texas business anyway. The fate of the nation tends more and more to be decided in Texas among Texans or in California among Californians. The rest of the country will assume territorial status.

First Things First

February 6 may go down as the date on which America's relations with our French ally took a decisive turn for the better, after months of such increasing coolness and mutual incomprehension that we had almost ceased to look like friends.

The U.N. debate on Algeria came at a time hardly propitious for France or for the West as a whole. The deep cleavage in America's mind—whether to side with the "colonial" powers, meaning our major Allies, or to seek favor with the Arab East—remained unresolved. And the visits to Washington just at this time of ranking Arab potentates, to be feted at the White House against a background of prayer rugs and bodyguards with scimitars, were not calculated to reassure Paris and London.

Yet despite the bitter-end emotionalism of many Frenchmen and the attractions of appeasing the Arabs in the name of the American precept of self-determination, Washington did finally back Paris.

The basis of American support is Foreign Minister Pineau's proposal for a cease-fire to be followed by free elections, the seating of Algerian delegates in the French National Assembly, and then discussions with these leaders on Algeria's future.

There is no alternative to giving

GOVERNMENT BY EXHORTATION

There's nothing wrong with what he says,
They'll say of him in future days;
    It's just that what he said was late
    And usually inadequate,
The reason being (he made it clear)
He did not like to interfere,
    But hoped instead to spare the rod
    And trust in businessmen and God.
Yet then, when he could not restrain
The natural appetite for gain,
    When he perceived men's virtues falter,
    Too late the good man's tone would alter,
Too late he sternly would extol
The nation's need for self-control.
    Now he has reaped what he has sown:
    The first indulgence was his own.
Preceptors who abstain from rule
May be most popular at school,
    But should in crises not expect
    That words alone can take effect.
'Tis not enough to spare the rod
And trust in business and in God.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, February 21, 1957, Volume 16, No. 4. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $9, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service*

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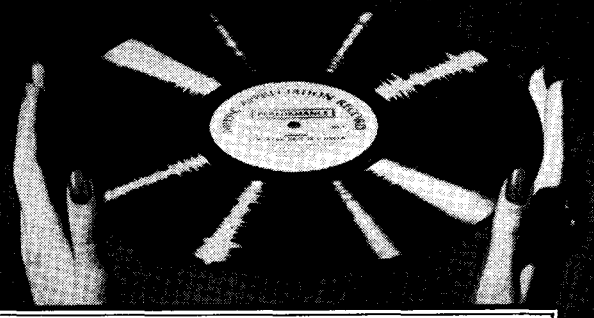

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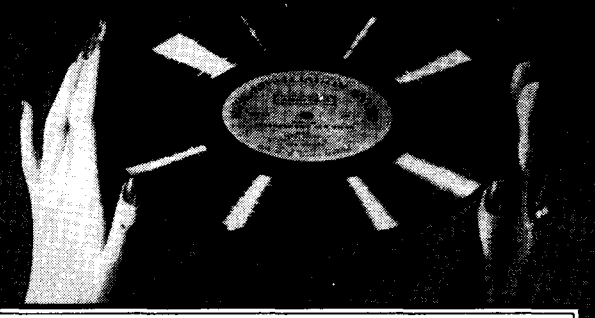

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ALL TOO FREQUENTLY, most of us are aware, we do not listen to good music with due understanding and appreciation. Our minds wander, and we realize afterward that we have missed most of the beauties of the work. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not primed about what to listen for.

THIS SENSIBLE PLAN—to help music-lovers increase their enjoyment and understanding of music—was originated by the Book-of-the-Month Club two years ago. The Club recently commissioned Leonard Bernstein, the brilliant American conductor, to perform and analyze five orchestral works on MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS. You will appreciate their quality if you heard Mr. Bernstein on television's "Omnibus" program, in which he demonstrated his extraordinary ability to explain the technical aspects of music in an enjoyable way.

A PERFORMANCE of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, conducted by Leonard Bernstein, with The Stadium Concerts Symphony Orchestra—together with an analysis of the work also written and conducted by Mr. Bernstein—has been recently distributed to subscribers. Because these two records demonstrate in a particularly exciting way the MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS idea, we will send them to you at once — without charge — on this special trial offer.

THE REGULAR PRICE of these double-disc recordings is $3.90 (plus a small mailing charge). After hearing the *Eroica*, should you not want to receive other great works of music performed and analyzed in this way you may return the recording within ten days and be under no further obligation. If you decide to continue, you need take only two other recordings out of 15 to 20 to be made available during the next year.

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HARDSHIPS OF A HYBRID

ERIC SEVAREID

Perhaps most hybrid forms of life have had a hard time adjusting to their environment. In its economic philosophy the present Federal government is a hybrid and it's having a painful time. Its original seeds were in the purest Hoover-Taft-Humphrey strain, the belief that government should not interfere with private enterprise, period. In the course of time the New Deal strain was grafted on, but this did not give it a complete New Deal philosophy—only fifty per cent. It is now half and half. It is prepared to interfere with private enterprise positively—that is, to subsidize and bolster it—but not negatively, to restrict or control it. Pure New Dealism is philosophically prepared to do either. A price-control apparatus gives it no more pause than a soil-bank-payment apparatus. The present régime would balk at the first, go along with the second.

So the hybrid is now suffering the miseries, as every day's news makes clear. The political facts of life force it to spend the money it's spending, but it hates itself every morning. Its own leaders keep saying, in effect, "This is all wrong. It must lead to disaster, but because we don't believe in negative interference, there's nothing much we can do about it."

The President says that in the thousands of budgetary items somebody, somewhere, must be able to save something, but he can't. Secretary Humphrey says the same; he seems horrified by his own budget, but further Senatorial inquiries produce the same answer—he can't point to a single item that should be cut. Not long ago the patron saint of the old, pure strain, Mr. Herbert Hoover, was in town, warning that unless inflation is stopped we're in for a bump that will jar our ribs, meaning the same eventual depression that Mr. Humphrey says will curl our hair.

Whether or not the hypothetical depression ever materializes, nearly all the signs, portents, and Delphic oracles around do seem to agree that the present inflationary pressures are going to do nothing but rise. If this is true, then it is obvious that the condition and climate of the second Eisenhower term are going to be very different from those of the first. The peace may continue; the prosperity may continue; the stability will not. The sound dollar, meaning the dollar that buys tomorrow just as much as it bought yesterday, will no longer be with us; and if it be true that inflation tends to grow, it is equally true that the Administration doesn't know what to do to stop it. It dare not radically cut defense costs—the major budget item by far—given the realities of the world. It dare not cut social welfare costs, or raise taxes, given the realities of domestic politics. It is wary of any further restriction of credit for fear of what this will do to small businesses and housing and school construction. And it would rather drink hemlock than impose wage and price controls.

So all it is doing at present is issuing moral pleadings to labor, management, and consumers to restrain themselves. If exhortation has ever had impressive results in this field before, the historians have been asleep on their job. Right now it isn't even impressing the President's personal supporters in the oil industry, in spite of the urgent need to get more oil to our Allies.

If the remedy for the evil is a fog-wrapped mystery, the cause of it is not. But all that can be explained in this brief space is that in the first three Eisenhower years the dollar was stable not because it was a normal period but, in a sense, an abnormal period. Prices of countless articles settled to a plateau after the big Korean War rise. Continued rise in other things the family must buy was offset by the fall in the prices paid to farmers. To a real degree, the farmer paid for the dollar's stability, and the Federal budget was kept in line partly because the Administration used already appropriated reserves—the contents of the pipeline—in foreign aid and defense. None of these conditions holds true any longer, as the second term begins. So the fiscal feathers are now flying in this political roost, a good many of them from chickens come home.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

France judicious support now. First things must come first. And the first thing right now is not the appeasement of a pan-Arab agitation managed from Cairo and Moscow but the preservation and restoration of something much nearer home: NATO. France is needed, and if we can help stanch that wound, we can then go on to other things.

The Flood That Wasn't

Good news being by definition unnewsworthy, it is left to us to report that Chattanooga, Tennessee, recently did *not* have its worst flood in seventy-four years.

Instead, the co-ordinated system of dams and reservoirs operated by the Tennessee Valley Authority performed its wonders, impounding the runoff from the tributaries and knocking twenty feet off the flood crest before the waters had reached Chattanooga. The Atomic Energy Commission's K-25 operations area at Oak Ridge was also saved from inundation.

There was nothing sensational about the whole thing. A group of engineers simply made computations and pulled levers. The onlooker would never have guessed from their manner that the human element had anything to do with this fantastic game of controlling the elements.

It has been a long time since David Lilienthal called the idealistic scheme for TVA "democracy on the march." Now TVA proves its worth by a story like this one, which really isn't a story at all.

Doctorettes

The following ad appeared in the classified section of the New York *Times* late last month:

"Fabulous Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas staging lavish productions built around 16 girls holding doctorates in any subject from accredited universities. Not to be confused with chorus girls. These productions all in excellent taste. Built around girls to be known as the Hi Phi Betas. Slight dancing ability necessary and good looks too. Already have 2 Ph.D.'s, 1 Dr. of Anthropology, 1 Dr. of Physics and 2 Dr.'s of Home Economics. Girls with only masters degrees not acceptable."

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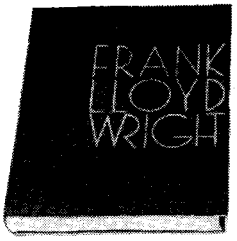

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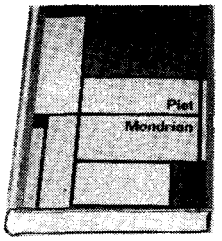

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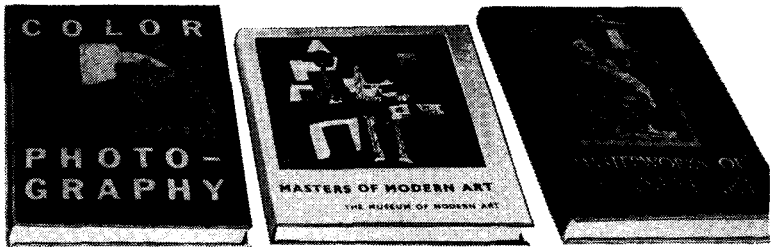

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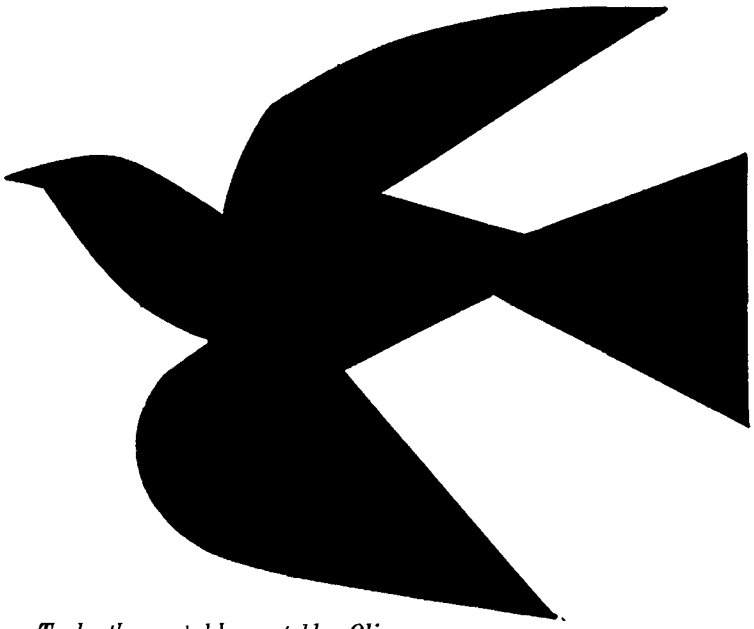

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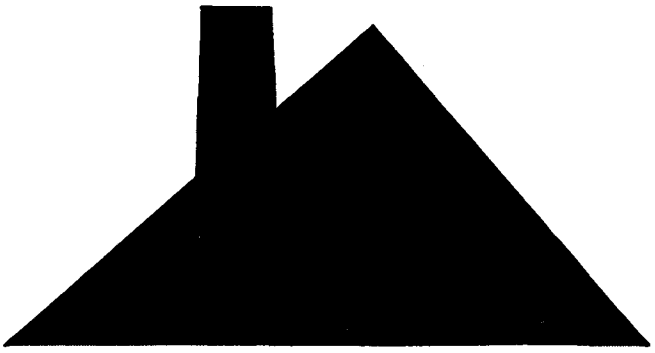

The Olivetti Studio 44 is winning favor among mostly-at-home typists, yet retains easy portability. For the names of dealers near you, write to Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

CORRESPONDENCE

LEMONADE

To the Editor: Recently I have become an avid reader of *The Reporter* because, frankly, I thought I had found a lemon. Not the lemon of conventional usage, but rather a much-needed ingredient to counteract the too sweet (dare I say saccharine?) flavor of the daily press. Imagine my disappointment upon reading your editorial on how to make lemonade, which appeared in the January 24 issue of your magazine. As if we didn't already know too well how to make the stuff!

I trust that "the Editor's wish to find something to praise in our government's foreign policy" will not result in an all too prevalent softening of the brain. Won't you, Mr. Ascoli, give us a little more criticism and a little less hope? I can use that fresh lemon twice a month.

HOWARD N. SIMS
New York City

To the Editor: I noticed in "The Lemon and the Lemonade" somewhat less of a tendency to condemn the Eisenhower Administration than in your last few issues. *The Reporter* has been pretty consistently against the Administration since I started as a subscriber, and on the whole I have agreed with your writers. But I believe that we have reached bottom, for the time being, with the President. For Eisenhower has learned his lesson as other American political leaders have learned theirs—by bitter experience.

I am not alone in holding to the generalization that the American electorate, like other electorates, prefers its statesmen to be of an optimistic and idealistic turn when it comes to foreign affairs, however hardheaded and power-conscious we prefer them on domestic affairs. Since this fact is well known to political parties, the office of Chief Executive especially is likely to be filled at each change of Administration by a personality who embodies all the wishful hopes of our ordinary citizens. He begins his Administration in the belief that it is possible to compromise with totalitarian leaders and that notions about the intransigency of such leaders are the mad inventions of warmongers. He is also likely to believe that foreign affairs can be conducted best by first announcing that in no circumstances will we initiate military action, a tactic that harks back to the Sarajevo murder case and the presumptions on which the League of Nations was built. If bilateral action fails to solve our difficulties, there is always the U.N. to fall back upon. And if this policy costs us some of our ability to influence future events in our favor, we know that Destiny—some call it God, or Providence, or Economic Law—is automatically on the side of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Each well-meaning optimist finds out, through bitter experience, that the dictators are without mercy and without honor, driven by the Furies of totalitarian dynamics; that they have all the advantages that are most conducive to taking successful calculated risks; and that the United Nations, to quote the Hungarian rebels, is an old ladies' debat-

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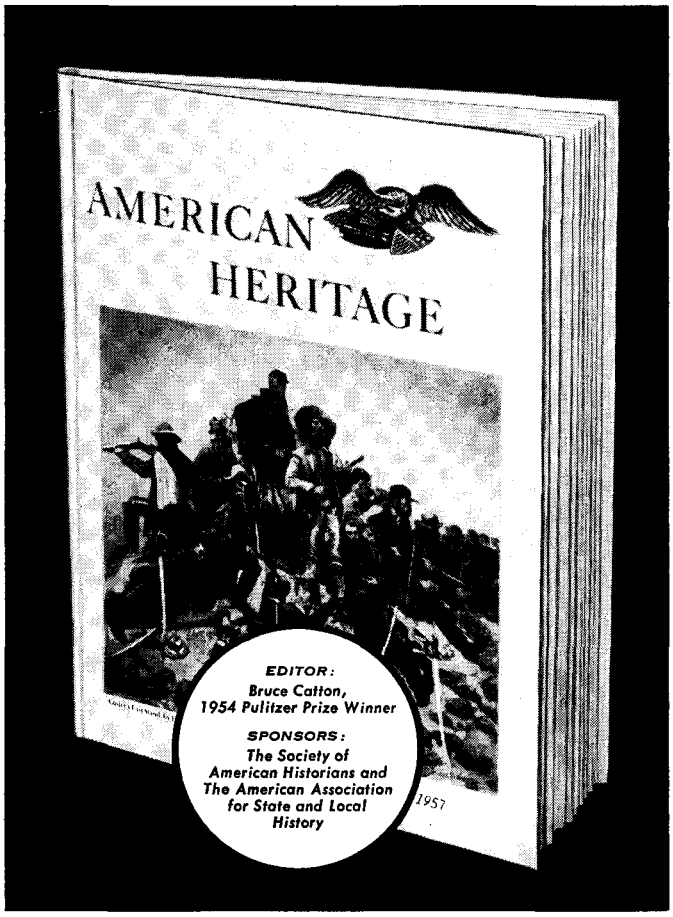

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THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN

by Henriette Roosenburg

THE VIKING PRESS, N. Y. 22

ing society. Furthermore, to date no democratic leader has made any capital out of waiting for totalitarian states to collapse through their own iniquity or to liberalize themselves through social evolution.

Eventually, the chastened officeholder proceeds to profit by his experience and constructs a realistic policy on the ruins of his former illusions. Right here is where he begins to lose favor with the voting public, which prefers to believe in the efficacy of cheap and painless gestures like the Geneva Conferences and moral speeches. Truman lost little popularity because of the Johnson disarmament and the 1949-1950 budget, but our entry into the Korean War was a crucial handicap to the Democrats in 1952. Eisenhower has just won an election on the basis of his performance in the last two Geneva Conferences (notable for the Indo-China surrender and the "coexistence" policy which culminated in the Suez crisis), and his 1956 armament cuts and the "Radford Plan." His popularity was never so high as in November, when he averted the last chance of war by sticking up for Dictator Nasser. But I will bet you that his Middle East program will cost him heavily in popularity, even if it does not eventuate in another "police action."

So about the time that the U.S. stands to benefit from the experience acquired at a high price, it becomes time to get rid of the officeholder who has all this uncomfortable experience. Another idealist and optimist takes over the job of the one who has been so expensively trained, and it starts all over again.

THE WHOLE of this business has an uncomfortable air of unreality. On the one hand are a majority of informed and responsible men who are convinced that everything is bound to work out to our advantage, that Soviet Communism is in its death throes, that all we need to do about the Hungarian situation is to wait for Destiny, *à la* Chamberlain. But the very same men who are so confident that nothing needs to be done about Hungary are in the most dismal frame of mind about the Middle East. Unless vigorous and positive measures are taken there, they say, all this area will fall to the dying monster that is Communism, Europe will become the economic hostage of this monster, and there will be a world war.

A world war over what? Surely if Communism is dying, there is no need to fight a war over anything. Let the Soviets take the Middle East, let them even take Europe, or anything else. Surely in the short interval before Destiny takes over, there is no chance of the United States' suffering a conquest and occupation, and for anything less a world war seems hardly worth while. From the reports of unrest in the satellites, the United States might as well retreat to Fortress America and let those panhandling Europeans stew in their own juices while we balance the budget.

I suspect that the arbiters of U.S. policy are not half as sure and as optimistic as they pretend they are. I think what they are really badly scared of is the chance that out of the Kremlin's power struggle will emerge another Stalin. Once the oligarchy becomes a monarchy and the secret police-spy apparatus is reconstituted, "erosion of despotism" will be no more inevitable than the collapse of Nasser through economic pressures, or of Hitler through the outraged morals of upright Germans.

If this should happen, it will really be too bad if we have another 1952 Eisenhower running our foreign affairs. So I am glad to see the note struck by *The Reporter* in "The Lemon and the Lemonade."

ALFRED B. MASON, M.D.
Concord, California

'THE FINEST CHRISTIANS'

To the Editor: I read with interest Edward Gamarekian's article in the January 24 issue, "The Ugly Battle of Orangeburg," noting particularly a phrase which I've read before in the same context: "they [the Negroes] retaliated . . . with the only weapon they had—the boycott." Since the ruling on desegregation, the Negroes have submitted to every shade of violence from being threatened to being shot; is it not strange that the newspapers are free from notices of Negro violence? It seems extraordinary to me that these people have followed the tolerant road consistently in their quest for equal rights, but it follows that these people should be recognized as the finest Christians and the most real democrats our country has produced.

DENISE POWERS DONOVAN
Mansfield, Massachusetts

A GIANT GROWS UP

To the Editor: It would be unfortunate if John Kenneth Galbraith's witty review of the second volume of the history of Standard Oil (New Jersey) (*The Reporter*, January 24) were to leave the impression that the authors of *The Resurgent Years: 1911-1927* were either lackeys or victims of a capitalistic plot, intent only upon confusing the public and annoying Professor Galbraith by avoiding or glossing over what is important by his own urbane criteria. The casual reader might never have guessed, for instance, that the book's basic concern is with administrative development and the fashioning of operational policy. Now, Professor Galbraith may believe that how a business is organized, what problems it had to face, and how it met them are all miniscule details unworthy of serious attention. He may feel that the only important consideration is how and to what degree Jersey Standard acted as an instrument of exploitation. But it was unfair of him to lead his public to believe that these were the only assumptions on which business history could be written. Indeed, it is patently wrong to think that the ethical role of the company in society is the only interest of the potential readers of the book.

The problem is largely one of intellectual approach. The authors of the volume would never claim, I am sure, that they set out to construct one of those far-ranging socioeconomic syntheses, concise and not too cluttered with detail, which so much delight us when they flow from the pen of Professor Galbraith. Instead they might argue along these lines: The morality of Standard Oil's policies has frequently been discussed, but precious little has been written on the administrative structure, the operational problems, of what is surely one of the most

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important business enterprises in history; might not something be gained by answering some of the first questions first? If, for example, Professor Galbraith reads a book on the administrative structure of American government, surely he does not criticize it for not being a study of political philosophy and action in their broadest implications.

I should conclude, therefore, that *The Resurgent Years* answers a real need. To some it may appear a mundane need, and no one would claim that it will be an automatic Book-of-the-Month choice. Yet it tells us much about the operations of the company which we did not know before, and answers questions which few people had asked in the past. If Professor Galbraith finds this knowledge trivial, then he must either make do with the wealth of data already available or must await patiently, albeit apprehensively, the final summary volume of the series, which will, it is presumed on the basis of the case studies, range over the problems he appears to consider worthy of our exclusive attention.

BARRY E. SUPPLE
Visiting Lecturer in Business History
Harvard University Graduate School
of Business Administration

PASTORAL ADMONITIONS

To the Editor: Robert Bingham writes a movie critique for *The Reporter* (issue of January 24). Writing a critique about the movies seems to permit Mr. Bingham to make snide side remarks about Cardinal Spellman, which were not at all necessary to his criticism of the wasted film used by Mr. Kazan in his garbage-disposal effort. Mr. Bingham may be blasé enough and sophisticated enough to take the filth of "Baby Doll" in stride. This is not at all true of millions of others. The fact that someone is twenty-one does not by that fact alone remove all the more normal human passions from functioning when given the proper stimuli. That the great Cardinal was willing to face this elementary fact and warn his flock against filth is only to his credit. That your movie reviewer should utilize his column to label the wise Cardinal "puritanical" is only a display of an ignorance of some basic human frailties.

I do hope that your very admirable magazine, which fearlessly walks the tightrope of honest liberalism, will not soon again permit sneering at an eminent churchman in connection with something so utterly worthless as the evil-mindedness of Tennessee Williams.

FRANCIS X. MAYNARD, O.F.M.
Managing Editor
The Way of St. Francis
San Francisco

To the Editor: Marya Mannes is one of the most versatile and perceptive commentators on the American scene.

I don't necessarily read her articles first, but when *The Reporter* arrives, before reading anything I first turn to the table of contents with keen anticipation to see if the issue contains an article from her. So, dammit, don't disappoint me so often.

LEON SULLIVAN, O.F.M.
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WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

THE "What" and the "Why" of the first three articles in this issue have been taken care of by **Max Ascoli's** editorial. As for the "Who"—**Robert Ardrey's** first article on Hollywood appeared in the January 24 issue of *The Reporter*. As we informed our readers at the time, Mr. Ardrey is a script writer, novelist, and playwright. At least one more article of his on Hollywood is forthcoming. **Dan Jacobson,** a South African writer, is now studying at Stanford University. Two of his novels, *The Trap* and *A Dance in the Sun*, have been published by Harcourt, Brace. **Joseph Stocker** is an old hand at magazine and newspaper reporting. He is the author of *Arizona: A Guide to Easier Living* (Harper).

Alastair Buchan, our British Correspondent, writes about his country's new Prime Minister. Certainly few jobs are as unenviable as the one that now has fallen on the capable shoulders of Harold Macmillan. **Madeleine Chapsal,** a French writer who contributes frequently to our magazine, describes life in a gasless Paris. Alas, she says, even the rationing of gasoline has not succeeded in making Paris carless. An upbeat story about William Rafsky, a man who has been doing a splendid job against great odds, is contributed by **Hannah Lees,** a Philadelphia novelist and free-lance writer. We have long been concerned with the nightmare of metropolitan areas. This article is one more example of our continuing concern. **James P. Warburg** and **Max Ascoli** conclude their friendly debate on what the U.N. should or should not do for its own good. Recently we have learned a great deal about Russia's satellites, but little about China's: **David Hotham,** correspondent in Indo-China for the *Times* and the *Economist* of London, has visited the two halves of Vietnam and reports on the troubles the Reds are having. **Ray Alan,** a frequent contributor, tells what is happening in a country that is running neck and neck with Egypt in the Levantine trouble-makin' sweepstakes. Eric Hoffer is a writer for whom we have the highest respect. His compact prose has found the most improbable readers, including our Secretary of Defense and General Eisenhower—the latter doing his Hoffer reading when, as NATO Commander in Paris, he probably had greater leisure. **Eugene Burdick** is the author of *The Ninth Wave* (Houghton Mifflin). **Roland Gelatt** is New York editor of *High Fidelity*. **Lee Culpepper** is a member of our staff.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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It Happens in California

ONCE in a while, I think, it is proper to use the editorial page of *The Reporter* to explain what this publication is aiming at, and to address our audience as if every reader were a new reader.

Three articles on California in this issue offer as good an occasion as any for station identification. They contain little or nothing about politics and liberalism, the key elements of our signal. True, we can all stand a brief diversion from that long-protracted childbirth in public called the Eisenhower Doctrine. Personally, I like to give occasional evidence of editorial forbearance by showing how, in spite of ever-mounting provocation, I can manage, for a couple of issues, not to berate Secretary Dulles.

But the reason these three articles are grouped here is that political reporting turns out to be a rather shallow, gloomy, and predictable thing if it limits itself to giving an account of the deeds and misdeeds which can be attributed to professional politicians. Of course we are following as closely as we can that great tournament of California politics—the Knowland-Nixon feud for Republican and national supremacy. California's return to party regularity is a momentous matter, as an article in the last issue showed.

Yet there are times and situations of the greatest political import that hardly lend themselves to interpretive political reporting, no matter how accurate, or to semi-journalistic, semi-sociological essays, no matter how readable. The highways of California, the decline of Hollywood are cases in point. Such subjects can and must be dealt with in terms of economics, of urbanism, of folklore, and so on. But by no means exclusively. Artistic writing has a great role to play if the picture is to be whole—the skillful communication of fleeting feelings or of fragments of personal experience, achieved by a man who knows how to make words the conveyors of what is most personal in him, and therefore most communicable to others.

This kind of writing *The Reporter* is extremely eager to have as an integral part of its rounded selective coverage. We certainly would like to carry more short stories, fragments of man's destiny captured by skillful imagining of accidents—even first-person tales, written with another purpose than to impose on the reader an uncalled-for intimacy with the self-conscious experiences of the author.

THERE are gigantic, spiraling forces unleashed in our country and in the world, justified or prompted at each step of their tumultuous course by economic interests, meant to satisfy new needs. These gigantic spirals that propel our economy sometimes appear as frightening and uncontrollable as the forces of nature—perhaps just as frightening as those tiny specks of nature that man has lately learned to fission.

These spirals do not necessarily go upward and upward, evidence being what is happening in Hollywood. Here their course seems to be distressingly downward, under the dead weight of prejudice, of unresisted or self-imposed taboos. Here we see how the images of human destiny that should provide either diversion from or reconciliation with the happenings in our life are becoming more and more restricted in their scope, more and more sappy, until other forms of sappiness come—free of charge—from other forms of communication.

All this—the mad streaming of cars along the highways, the glory and the decline of Hollywood—happens in California. The design and rhythm of living in California seem to anticipate the design and rhythm of living in the rest of our country—and not in our country alone. California is that extraordinary land where civilization as we know it arrived just yesterday, and where the most imposing, wealth-producing things one can see are overwhelmingly man-made—from the plains to which irrigation has brought fertility to the bridges along San Francisco Bay. Yet this extraordinary State of California, which in its most famous cemetery seeks to keep even its dead forever young and relaxed with piped-in music, has also in its sequoia trees, which were already growing when Christ was born, the oldest living things on this earth.

All this is California. It is good, however, to know about something going on in California that factual reporting describes in this issue: the corporate defense on the part of the teachers, who refuse to become a subproletariat and struggle to improve both the standard of their work and their status in society.

THE ROAR of more and more cars along the California highways, the decline of Hollywood, the stout self-defense of the teaching profession—this, of course, is politics in the broadest sense of the term even if it is not much affected by political manipulation. Some of it can be seen only by writers who care about the individual and can communicate what they see because they are individuals gifted with artistry. We do not think of this as a new departure for our political, liberal publication, and in fact we will take it upon ourselves to transmit more and more reports on this frequency.

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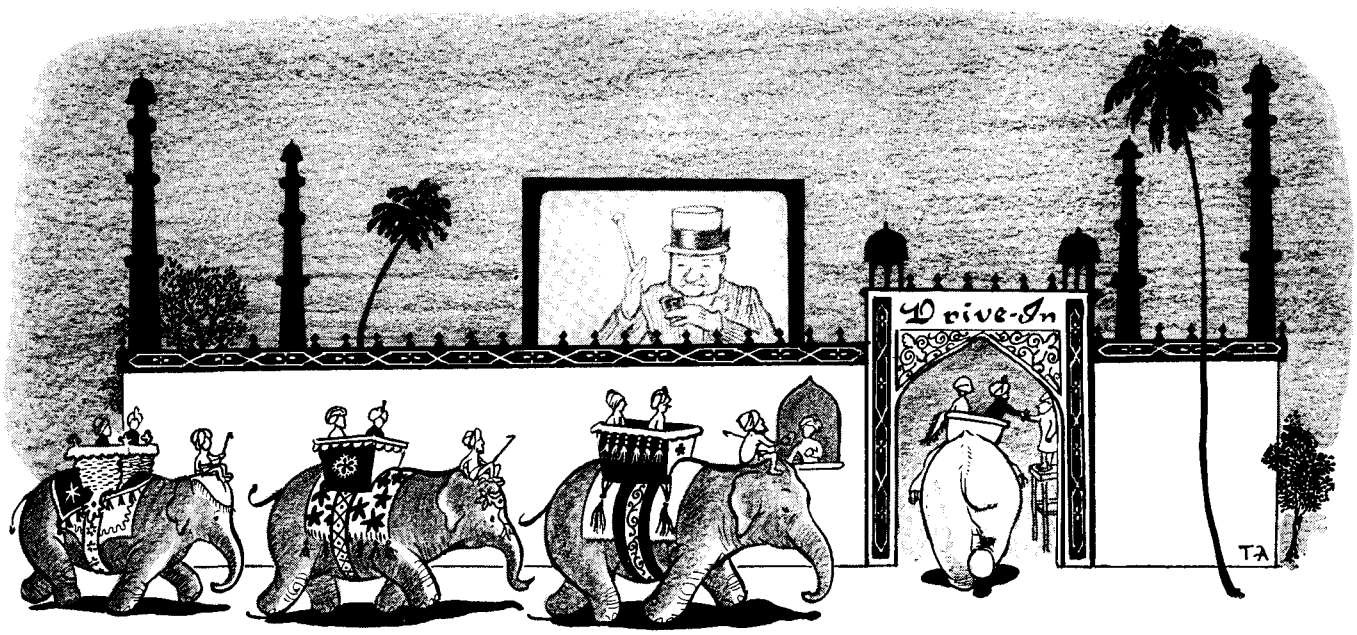

Hollywood's Fall Into Virtue

ROBERT ARDREY

Somebody once said that Hollywood is the most famous community in the world existing only in the imagination. After ten years of living in the imaginary community, and almost twenty years of occasional screen writing, I entirely agree. If Hollywood were to lose its grip on the world's imagination (as it has today on the imaginations of a majority of adult Americans), it would literally cease to exist. A few deserted sheds would mark the spot; that would be all.

It isn't easy for Americans "who never go to the movies any more" to understand that beyond our borders the Hollywood legend persists. Lines still mass in Leicester Square. When Gregory Peck opens in Capetown or Geneva or on the Kurfürstendamm, spacious sidewalks are jammed. Better than half of an American film's total return comes today from abroad. What Hollywood has lost so far is solely (and disastrously) the Battle of America.

Last spring, in Buenos Aires, I felt the full force of the paradox. At the home of Señora Gainza Paz y Sánchez Elia, the brilliant, charming sister of *La Prensa's* publisher, the talk came around to movies. I outlined as best I could the catastrophe facing the major studios: their economic dependence on the American audience, the gradual shrinkage of that audience over the last twenty years, the reduction nowadays to an audience made up largely of juveniles, and the final impact of television.

Señora Sánchez Elia was utterly upset. Did that mean there would be no more American films? I pointed out that there would be films, and that there might even be better films without the control of the major studios, but that the old notion of Hollywood would definitely be lost, and perhaps it was a good thing.

"How can you say that?" she demanded.

"Do you mean you care about Hollywood?" I said.

"Of course I care!" she said. "I love Hollywood. Who doesn't love Hollywood? Do you mean that you *don't* care?"

I sat in the Plaza San Martín that night, reflecting on what had been said in this most sophisticated of households. An Argentine workingman passed along a path, whistling cheerfully to himself. I reflected on him.

In the days before Perón came to power it was probably only in Hollywood films that he had seen workers recognized as human beings. Then there had come Evita, in a half million dollars' worth of diamonds, cheating him but addressing him as a fellow human. He would still be for Perón until something better came along. In the meantime, he would whistle "Mr. Sandman," and listen, troubled, to Communist leaders trying to take over the remnants

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of Peronismo, and he would see *Oklahoma!* if he could find the inflated pesos.

When had any nation ever possessed an ambassador so extraordinary as Hollywood—at no cost to the taxpayer? Here was an American institution rating somewhat higher than the Presidency in the world's affections. How direct had been our vulgar gift for going straight to the pie-throwing hearts of men! How much, I wondered, had Hollywood contributed to the restlessness of the century? African gangs in Johannesburg and Capetown bear names like the Sonny Boys and the Dead End Kids.

Whatever its social consequences, there could be no doubt that it was Hollywood that had introduced to the minds of multitudes their first concepts of the free life—sentimental, vulgar, happy, carefree, touching, mad—populated exclusively by uninhibited heroes each at least ten feet tall. Here was the essence of the Hollywood legend so dear to the human race.

And it occurred to me that night, in the Plaza San Martín, that of all the symbolic names one hears mentioned in conversations abroad—Gable, Chaplin, Jean Harlow, Jolson, Garbo, Tom Mix, Valentino, Fairbanks, Cooper, Crawford—only two remain vital ingredients of Hollywood today: Donald Duck and Marilyn Monroe.

That these two free and uninhibited spirits belong legitimately to the great tradition is beyond question. But what else has happened to fortify the legend since Clark Gable, a generation ago, made his shattering entrance to the world's subconscious in a film aptly titled "A Free Soul"? Grace Kelly, shackling herself to a hereditary amusement park, has certainly filled headlines but scarcely the bill.

Good, old-fashioned freewheeling wickedness has fallen indeed to a sorry state. What has happened to it bears a little looking into. For to my mind, it is the withering away of the Hollywood legend that has destroyed in adults (and most particularly in good, sound, right-thinking American adults) the compulsion to go to the movies. And so, in the rich profusion of dull alternatives which our society provides, we have found other amusements. Audiences overseas, with fewer alternatives, cling for the time being to the Hollywood legend.

Making 'Madame Bovary'

Some years ago Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a film of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. If we are to investigate current standards of Hollywood wickedness, then what happened to that wicked classic may present us in a sense with a built-in yardstick. How did Hollywood measure up? Certainly an honest effort was made. Vincent Minelli, the studio's most sensitive director, had been yearning to make *Madame Bovary* since approximately three days after he was born. Pandro S. Berman, Metro's ablest producer, had been standing in line for ten years and had at last obtained the registration.

It should be explained that when a producer wants to film a work in the public domain, he registers his intent with the Motion Picture Producers Association, the same organization that operates the Code. He then has a two-year period of exclusive privilege to work on the project. If at the end of two years he has no film in production, the registration goes to the next man in line. In the case of *Bovary*, someone or other had probably been trying to make a film out of it since the days of D. W. Griffith. Now it became Berman's turn.

Flaubert's classic was a project to fascinate any author. Once, in Germany, it had been filmed, both badly and unsuccessfully. Before that, I believe, Bernhardt had played the role, but otherwise the stage had done as poorly as films. Flaubert's iron prose and flawless novel form simply defied adaptation to a dramatic medium. But I thought I understood the problem.

Like Berman and Minelli, I too had had *Madame Bovary* on my waiting list for years. I thought I had some understanding of the difficulties of Flaubert's work for I had tried my hand at both novels and plays. I was aware of a subtle and little-understood difference between the two forms. While in a novel a character may act for any number of reasons, in a play he must act for one.

This may seem the most simple-minded of formulas. It is not. The difference stems from the broad gulf between the primitive, emotional, highly conventionalized play form, rooted in Aeschylus, and the modern, sophisticated, analytical novel, rooted in the rationalism of the late eighteenth century. One of the best of my earlier plays foundered because the hero, with two good solid reasons for acting as he did, seemed therefore a weak man.

Double motivation, as it had sunk my early play, had thwarted every effort to bring *Madame Bovary* to life on stage or screen. In the novel it was entirely acceptable that Emma Bovary should be driven to ruin both by the romantic fallacy—Flaubert's thesis—and by a lout of a husband who would have driven any sensible woman to the bushes. In a dramatic form, acting for two reasons, Emma would seem merely a fool. If the essence of Flaubert were to remain, whether or not Flaubert fans tore their hair, the husband had to become a nonentity. (As it happened, Van Heflin's performance of the non-Flaubert Charles Bovary was such a miracle of tender inoffensiveness that I heard never a wail.)

Clean as a Hound's Tooth

There were other problems, of course. It was obvious that only a fraction of Flaubert's flashing ironies and savage incongruities could survive transportation. But any innocent bystander would suggest that the next real Hollywood hurdle to surmount, in a work of artistic depravity, would be the Code. I refused to sign a contract to write the film until I had received some kind of assurance from the Code office. A meeting was arranged.

If I have few good words to say about the Code, I have nothing but

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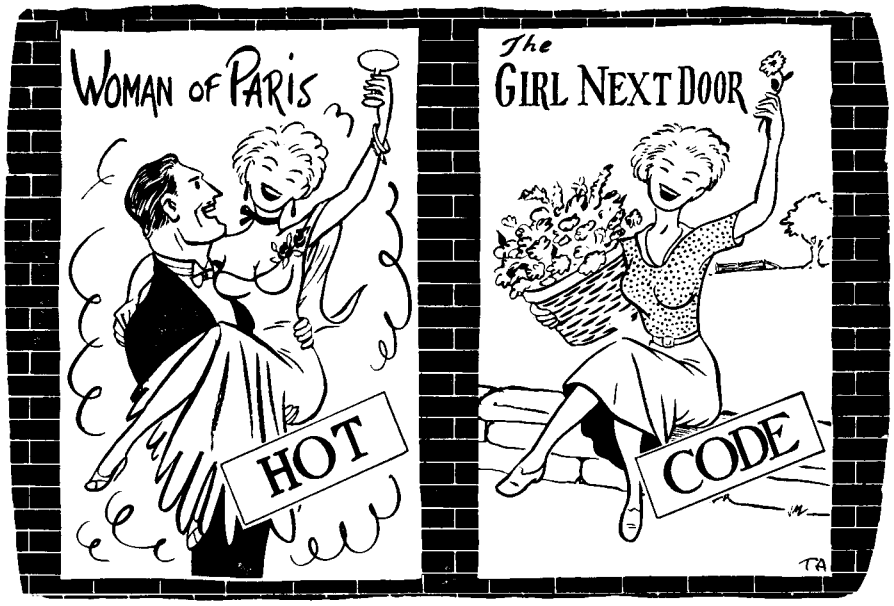
good to say about Code officials. My introduction to Joe Breen, back before the war, was a matter of love at first sight. His successor, Geoffrey Shurlock, whom I was to meet in connection with *Bovary*, I have fought with—enjoyably—on innumerable occasions. I have known few Code officials who were not literate, who did not sense integrity when they met it, and who did not feel a profound distaste for tampering with the good writing which they so seldom encountered. I used to look forward to most Code meetings—frequently hilarious, invariably unprintable. Not to this one.



APPREHENSIVELY, I put my problem before Shurlock. The Code says a sinner must be punished. If I had to disembowel every adulterer who appeared in "Madame Bovary," then the final reels would have to be shot on the field of Waterloo, and I wanted no part of the project. To my astonishment, Shurlock dismissed my worries. There would be no Code problems.

To this day I don't know whether Shurlock waived the Code because his office wanted no arguments with Flaubert, or whether, more likely, it was his reasoning that if Emma Bovary ate as much arsenic at the end of the film as she did at the end of the book, she would give adultery a bad name for a generation to come. In any case I was free. I accepted the Metro contract and went to work. When the screen play was finished it went to the Code office, and was returned with almost as little objection as a typical "Lassie" screen play.

That script, written many years ago, had been the work of a gentle English lady brought to Hollywood for the specific project. Which one of the "Lassie" stories it was, I cannot remember. But in the course of the delicate tale the young hero and heroine exchanged a single kiss. And when the script came back from the Hays Office, it bore, to the author's stupefaction, a single comment: "We remind you that there will be no prolonged, open-mouthed, or lascivious kisses."

That "Madame Bovary" should have done as well as "Lassie" seemed to me the one miracle we needed. In my parochial author's-eye view, I feared only the damage that the Code might do to the screen play. I neglected to consider, in any part, what the Code had already done to Hollywood itself. That damage was soon apparent.

A Twice-Blessed Event

Within the studio, pressure developed for Lana Turner to play the part of Emma Bovary.

Just where such pressures come from in a great studio is always hard to say. It's like a lynching party. Ask this man or that, "Are you for stringing this fellow up?" and each will say "No." But enthusiasm keeps mounting. I could find few at Metro who would not agree that Miss Turner's performance, while unquestionably of the highest merit, might just possibly bring to the Flaubert classic a touch of juvenile delinquency.

Even to say where power rests in such a situation is baffling. To say that so-and-so is head of the studio and that so-and-so is producing a particular film scarcely covers the ground. At this period, for example, Lillian Burns, Miss Turner's dramatic coach, was a power to be reckoned in the highest bracket. Miss Burns had taught Margaret O'Brien to act. She had capped this achievement, many believed, by teaching the other Metro stars to act like Margaret O'Brien.

The depression in the "Bovary" forces was considerable. We had a screen play, which was more than anyone else had achieved. We had the Code office approval, which was a miracle. We had a part which not an actress alive would reject. And we faced colleagues whose notions of female wickedness turned naturally to the affable Miss Turner.

Minelli, who had been waiting to direct this performance for so many years, began to take on a permanently bad beige color. Berman, who had stood in line for ten years, settled down to a silent delaying action. I was in a better position, however, since they worked for Metro and I did not. Each faced the possibility of working with Miss Turner on some future film, or even of having to work with her on this. Delicate intra-studio relations hemmed each to a narrow tactical position. Mine was free. As an independent contractor I was not an employee, not a member of the club, and I was not expected to abide by club rules.

An author has little to say in the casting of the films he writes. I, at least, could say it. And so through the following weeks I conducted a harrying action. I made an elaborate nuisance of myself. I became a kind of studio joke. Time passed. I turned to other chores. But every so often I visited Metro to play again the anti-Turner role that by now was expected of me. Until, one morning, I received a call from Berman at my home.

"Well, you've won," said Berman.

I was staggered. "How?"

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"Lana's pregnant."

Thirty minutes later I was at the studio. In a corridor an executive congratulated me solemnly. I assured him I couldn't take credit for this. "Oh, I wouldn't put it past you," he said. I found the remark vastly flattering.

In Berman's office we all congratulated each other. Again, there had been a miracle. We were free. The world was our oyster bed, and in full freedom we could take our choice.

Lots of Girls, No Women

It's curious how until that moment we had never truly faced the question of who *was* to play the part. We had been blocked at one time by our preoccupation with the Code; and then, through the second period, by our other troubles. Perhaps through our minds had always floated that image which comes so easily in early casting thoughts—"Like Garbo."

Now we had to face it—who was like Garbo? Well, obviously no one. But there should be a fair choice of women who could fill the dimensions of our role. Names began rolling past, and sometimes we laughed and sometimes we just shook our heads—Hayworth, Liz Taylor, De Havilland, Bergman, Davis, Garson, Leigh, Gardner, Allyson, Hepburn . . .

Days passed, and weeks. Admittedly, there were limits to the system. We were dealing with a studio that didn't know how to sell a picture without a star. And it wasn't a story, like *Gone With the Wind*, with a great male part to balance off against a fairly unknown woman. But granting the limits, the facts were crushing enough: that the generation since Garbo had produced not a single star (this was before Magnani) capable of making believable the tragic life of Emma Bovary. Garbo's generation had produced a dozen. But ours? Who could deal with the obsession, with the abandonment to sensuality, with the foreknowledge of doom and the inexorable pressing on into joyless wickedness? I thought of Flaubert's haunting reference to the time when for Emma the platitudes of adultery came to equal the platitudes of marriage. What woman, in contemporary acting terms, could explore to such levels?

No such woman existed. The screen, in the past quarter century, has produced no women among its outstanding actresses. It has produced only girls.

We settled for Jennifer Jones.

For a significant period, and with the rarest of exceptions, Hollywood's self-censorship has prevented the production of mature stories. Without mature roles to play, a generation of immature actors and actresses has necessarily been bred. In consequence the adult audience, lacking both mature stars and mature situations to enjoy, has come to look upon motion pictures as a replaceable form of entertainment. When the ADULTS ONLY sign was taken down from the theaters many years ago, an unseen and unprofitable JUVENILES ONLY sign took its place.

A Margin for Morons

My first encounter with the Code was before the war at RKO, in the production of "They Knew What They Wanted." Here again was a dedicated group: Charles Laughton; the unforgettable Carole Lombard; Garson Kanin, then the boy wonder of films; the beloved old actor from silent days, Harry Carey; the producer, Erich Pommer, who had headed the famous German U.F.A. studios in the days of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"; and, as dedicated as any, Code administrator Joe Breen.

Breen admired Sidney Howard's play and the screen play I had written from it. He became a virtual collaborator, and it may be added that his collaboration was in high demand, for the story of "They Knew What They Wanted" violated the Code up, down, and across the middle. A story of adultery, it ends with forgiveness. According to the Code, there is no such thing as forgiveness in this context.

Breen was no hypocrite. He believed in the Code, and would explain it this way: "Here we have twenty-five cents that comes in at the box office. A third goes to the theater. Another third goes to distribution, whatever that is. Another nickel goes to New York; I never figured out what New York is, either. Two cents winds up coming back to the picture. Two cents! If you've spent a million dollars, fifty million people have to see that picture before you break even. Now will you grant that one man in a hundred is a moron? All right, then to break even you've got to play to no less than *five hundred thousand morons.* And every one of them has got to come out of the theater convinced that crime doesn't pay and that sin gets punished. Or you're socially irresponsible."

Joe Breen was the best advocate the Code ever had, but he loved art too. And so at conference after conference he sweated out with the rest of us means of breaking his own Code without avoiding its responsibility. In the end we succeeded. But there was a bad day when it looked as if all were lost.

Charles Laughton joined us that day. Heavy-faced and heavy-spirited, he sat at one side listening to the endless, fruitless discussion. Forgiveness, forgiveness. How could one achieve forgiveness and stay within the Code? It seemed that day the picture would never be made. We had forgotten Laughton when suddenly he stirred his bulk.

"Do I understand, Mr. Breen," he said, "that the Code does not recognize the New Testament?"

It was as if someone had decreed one minute of silence. A clock ticked. Laughton sat with his fat hands on his knees, his heavy mouth

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drooping, his eyes brooding on Breen's blue shirt front. A secretary's pencil idled over her pad.

Breen, the good Catholic, looked out the window. There was a curious sadness; a sense of Christmas trees lying in the snow in January, of a deserted churchyard when the mourners have left, or of an empty street when the parade has passed, of the place where children once sang before they went away.

At last Breen turned: "That would be a rough way of saying it, Mr. Laughton."

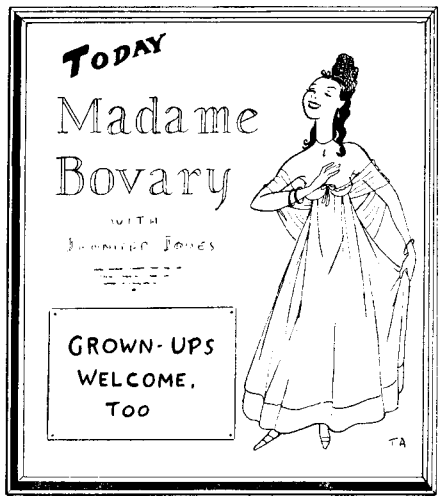
The Last Palm

It is conformity that has killed the Hollywood legend.

Out of the Roaring Twenties in Hollywood came rape, manslaughter, white Rolls-Royces, and an equal host of masterpieces and paternity suits. Out of the wildness and the wickedness of man at his most free came Barrymore at the height of his drinking, Garbo at the height of her acting, Harold Lloyd at the height of his hilarity, Chaplin, Jolson, Valentino, all reaching a variety of heights never before attained by man, certainly not in the presence of the multitude. What precise straw was it that snapped the back of the delirious camel? I am not quite sure. Perhaps it was Jean Harlow, suggesting to the multitude that sex was fun.

Faced by puritan uproar and pickets, the institution known as Hollywood caved in, conformed, turned on its members instead of the opposition, and created the Code and the morals clause. It was a mistake that the theater has never made. Down the drain went the best and the worst, the fine and the wicked, the baby with the bath water. Public relations replaced private instinct; brains replaced glands; the cautious the courageous; the package the substance.

A new type of genius took over to replace the Chaplins. His character is best illustrated by a vintage story from the time when the sound track was new. Music was now available, but it was assumed that the audience must see the orchestra on the screen. Experiment determined that the orchestra could be moved to the background, the scene played before it, and the audience would



not object. Further experiment demonstrated that the audience would still not question the source of the music if a row of potted palms was placed before the orchestra, so that only occasionally did one see a lifted violin. Then, to the amazement of all, it was found that the camera, on a music cue, had only to go to a row of potted palms. Remorselessly the creative spirit moved on, using fewer and fewer palms. Irving Thalberg, so the story goes, was the genius who removed the last palm.

Artistic daring, it may be seen, had not at this early date been yet eliminated from the movies. But the spirit of conformity, once invoked, is hard to put back in the bottle. Hollywood marched drearily on, giving the public what its best brains determined that the public wanted.

The Risk in Playing Safe

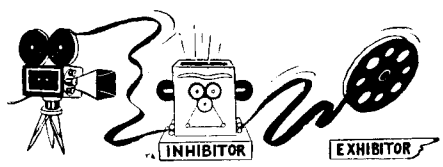
With conformity came guilt. Now everybody began to feel guilty because he made so much money. Great stars moved from the display of Beverly Hills to more secluded areas where they might hide their unseemly comforts behind rows of eucalyptus trees. Few got drunk in public any more. The outrageous Hollywood party vanished. Under the vigilant eye of the gossip columnist, the erring star married the girl and later contributed to the rising divorce rate. Actresses were photographed washing their own dishes, actors mowing their own lawns. Great stars, under the direction of wise press agents, were portrayed as being in private life "just like the fellow next door." (Whom in depressing truth they did come more and more to resemble.) The cult of children became highly publicized. What the great star of the 1920's did with his children I never heard—gave them away, I presume.

The thing that has always frightened me about playing things safe is the risk involved. I do not have the courage to live so dangerously. I listen to men tell me with total confidence what they think the public thinks it wants. I watch one cheerfully walking the plank, another running full tilt into the darkened room. I wait in horror for the splash and the crash. Playing things safe is for braver men than me.

The great public, it goes without saying, began slowly, perhaps regretfully, to turn its back on Hollywood the day Hollywood started behaving the way the great public wanted. Whether or not what the public wanted, in its heart of hearts, was more rape, more manslaughter, and more paternity suits, I cannot pretend to know. But there is little doubt in my mind that Hollywood's evil days have had more than a coincidental relationship with its flight into virtue.

Legends of such magnitude die hard. There were other flare-ups between the public and the West Coast Plaster Pleasure Dome. In 1947 the Case of the $3,000-a-Week Communists staggered the public imagination, and for a time life again became interesting in Xanadu. But once more the motion-picture industry—for the purest of box-office reasons—sided with the public against its own members, and once more saw its good behavior rewarded by the most irascible box-office indifference. From that time on, both Hollywood and its public sank deeper and deeper into boredom.

WHEN WE MOVED to Geneva last year, London friends asked how we could live in such a dull city. We could only reply that it didn't seem dull to us, perhaps because we had lived in Hollywood so long and had grown so dull ourselves.



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Cars, Cars, Cars, Roads, Roads, Roads

A South African Looks at California

DAN JACOBSON

AT NIGHTFALL, after thirty hours in the plane, we found ourselves level with the country we had been flying over during the day. We came out of the terminal building, and before us more parked motor cars than I had ever seen in a single place stretched in an expanse toward some kind of bridge in the distance. Cars were passing over the bridge and to the right and the left of the terrain of parked cars, and from the night sky broken by the chasing headlights there came a continuous rustle, a fall of sound—a whisper out of the throat of the night. The cars moved all about us; they moved above us, until where we stood seemed to be the center of a circle of country that gleamed and whirred, and wheeled entirely around us.

Then we were taken to a car, and we too were moving around the plain of parked cars, and the road we were on suddenly fell away in an arc and then went up again, and around us other roads were rising and falling in arcs. Which road we were on I no longer knew. A broad, black width of tar, tilted down and curving to the right, rushed toward our headlights, and by their light we saw that none of the other roads were lying on the earth, but all were moving up from it or stepping down to it on great concrete stilts. And they were all wide, wide, and ran as fast as the headlights of our car, which rushed down to another road, wider than any we had yet seen, and flat before us, at an angle to our arc.

Suddenly we were no longer tilted, but on a level with the big road. Then, though neither we nor any other cars slowed down to let us onto it, we were moving on this new road, and cars came past with a curiously close and confidential rustle at their rear wheels, for in comparison with them, it seemed, we weren't traveling so very fast after all.

THE CARS were swollen and shining; their colors were different above and below; they bulged in front and they bulged at the back. Never had I seen, never could I have imagined so many of them moving so fast all at one time. It is the movement, I suppose, that paralyzes the mind: One could imagine cars, just cars, stretched out indefinitely, but set them moving, set them moving at sixty or seventy miles an hour, set them moving three or four abreast, set them moving in two directions, and the imagination simply retreats and despairs; the mind is numbed.

In two directions, I have said, but there were more than two directions. As we had joined the road by hurling ourselves at an angle into it, so other cars were doing along other roads that came into ours from the right; and so too roads suddenly sheered off to the right, some running level but others climbing onto structures that swung each road around in mid-air so that it crossed overhead, though the cars on it had a moment before been racing pell-mell in front of our own. Now they passed across in mid-air, their headlights still flinging light on the tar and the concrete. On the other side of the road, as in a mirror where everything was reversed, cars that had been coming with their lights toward us now crossed from left to right above our heads. The sensation was that not the cars but the roads themselves were moving, like giant escalators, ferrying hundreds of cars at a time, fast, fast, fast.

We have been some two months in California now; but the biggest single impression is still of that road.

The Kindly Night

I have been up and down it now a few times, and have seen the shabbiness that the thousand neon signs hid from us the first time we drove down it. Then it was as if every motel or drive-in we passed was a place of light, bloated and palatial under the signs that stared and glared and gave each one of them a different name in letters three feet high. By daylight some of these places were not much better than shabby wooden lean-tos, or shabby brick-fronted buildings, or else cheap, jerry-built places vaguely Spanish in intention, with their plaster and arches and red-tiled roofs. None looks like its neighbor; they share no style, no size, they have no relation to one another but that imposed on them by the single thing they do share: a frontage on the road, a view of the traffic, a gaze across to the other side of the road where there are other motels, drive-ins, used-car lots, gas stations, other giant billboards, and other names—The Crown, Crazy Jack's, Ole Olsen's, Top-T Service, and a supermarket spaciously spell-

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ing out its name by a single letter in each of its stucco arches.

Even the shabbiest of them by daylight is resplendent with its colored lights by night. They sprawl wide, wide, drunkenly down the road, because each has to have sufficient parking space for the cars that it hopes will swing off the road, attracted for some reason to this drive-in rather than the fifty others in the last few miles, this supermarket rather than the last. Perhaps because in front of this one someone has advertised in huge black plastic letters on a white illuminated background "Celery 10 cents a stick." How can anyone go to so much trouble to sell even twenty or two hundred sticks of celery, one wonders, but one can wonder about nothing very long on this road, for in front of one a car is mounted on a platform twenty feet high, and slowly the whole platform turns around, bearing the car on its palm.

Below it and stretching away from it are other cars, acres of cars glittering in the open used-car lots; and then there is a service station, a motel, with all its little gabled, little Swiss chalets in a row, a second-hand furniture mart, a liquor store, more used-car lots. How to tell which of all the cars in ranks on the sand belongs to one lot and not to another I don't know, for there are no spaces between them; but there are names on poles, names on billboards, names as high as the little offices that bear them, and each name is different.

Beyond the lots rises the grandeur of a new shopping center. This looks something like the Palais de Chaillot in Paris. It is white; it gleams; it flings its arms open as if about to embrace not a terraced garden but a plain of parked cars as great as that first one we saw in front of the airport. These shopping centers are things we have never seen before—places that under a single sprawling roof house enough shops to supply the wants of a town. This one looks like the Palais de Chaillot; the next one is quaint, rural, timbered, with flagged walks, low buildings with overhanging eaves, at every corner a loudspeaker playing soft music.

The Overnight Cities

And so the road goes away, all the signs and buildings, and the other roads that leap over it—giant-sized, like the cars that rush along it at all hours. To the one side it goes for all I know to Los Angeles, hundreds of miles to the south; on the other side the road comes to San Francisco, where the six and eight lanes of traffic are flung into swathes of tar and concrete that fill the sky in loops and curves dwarfing even the city beneath them as one approaches it. There the roofs of the cars, curved like the wing cases of beetles, flash above the concrete parapets in a hundred different colors; there are no shops there, no billboards; there are no people, and nowhere for people to walk but a kind of narrow catwalk along the side of the parapet where a man can clamber to the emergency telephones if his car breaks down. There, where there is no place for a man outside his moving car, the road reaches its purest, most abstracted state—it can be used for nothing but to carry cars from one end of its giant structures to the other. Its colors are black and gray; from afar it is desolate and beautiful, but unlike a natural desert it has no peace.

I AM writing this some thirty miles away from those structures, outside San Francisco in a town attached to the road. In this case, the town seems to be the no man's land, not the road. Except for a house to live in, that road along its length is able to provide you with any material thing you might ever need. There are banks, travel agencies, moneylenders; real-estate agents who will sell you a house and furniture stores that will sell you the furniture to fill it with; there are bookstores and shops selling the latest selection of records; there are elegant little establishments that offer you tropical fish in bowls; there are at least three or four hospitals for dogs. But the curious, the frightening thing is that no one lives on the road; all these shops and facilities belong only to the road, and to no city. Nowhere along its length does the road contract, confine itself, center itself for a community around it. There are no parks, no statues, no plaques commemorating notable events; there are no vistas, no views, no streets that radiate from this point or that; no steps leading to public buildings. The road runs with all its businesses from San Francisco to here and beyond, and it is as if some kind of vital tendon has been severed, so that it can grasp nothing to itself, can enclose nothing in itself, can make no order of itself, but can only lie sprawling, incoherent, centerless, viewless, shapeless, faceless—offering all the products a community can need and yet making the establishment of a community impossible.

It is by that road and from that road that this town lives. Every morning half of its male inhabitants seem to get into their cars and go thundering to San Francisco along it, and every evening they come thundering back again; the women drive along it to do their shopping; the very air of the town is filled day and night with the whisper of the traffic along the road, and there has never been anything else. The road doesn't seem to have superseded something older and perhaps pleasanter, something that would in any case have forced the road to deviate, to have some respect for what had been there before it came. Or if the highway did supersede something

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else, it has done it so completely that now the highway seems coterminous with the towns set back from it and the townsfolk who do their shopping along it. They weren't here before the road, waiting for it; they came with the road as it ran from San Francisco, and built their indistinguishable, dependent, flat little towns. The highway being what it is, these towns seem nothing but appendages to it—equal parts of a brand-new nameless sprawl.

You Can't Manage Without a Car

We hadn't been here for more than two days before it became obvious that we simply couldn't manage without a car. It wasn't a luxury here but a necessity; we had lived for three years in England without a car, but California was clearly different. When everyone has a car, everything is built on the supposition that everyone has a car. For the pedestrian the distances are defeating, and the public transport is bad. Because everyone has a car, the busses run rarely, and because the busses run rarely, everyone buys a car. The man without a car is caught in the middle of this circle, from which point he is able to watch what busses there are going at infrequent and indeterminate intervals along routes that only the bus drivers seem to know about. These busses never have more than three or four passengers, and the driver's air of boredom and disbelief in his own occupation can be seen from a distance of many yards.

Clearly we had to have a car. Everyone said so too. "You can't manage without a car here," they said. "You can pick one up cheaply, you know." They made it sound so easy I was ashamed to admit that I didn't know how one actually went about buying a car. People always underestimate the helplessness of the bewildered newcomer, who finds it difficult enough to walk to his temporary lodgings from three blocks away, let alone do anything as hazardous as driving the distance. And I wanted a cheap car, a really cheap car. I had thought of something in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars, but when I said this they frowned; they said that you had to be careful if you went down that low (there was all the more reason to be careful if you went any higher, I couldn't help thinking); they said—and here my heart sank into my boots—that at that price it was purely a matter of luck. Luck, I have a feeling—that sort of luck, the luck purely of the draw—has never been mine. I felt this acutely when my requests for the name of a reasonably honest used-car dealer were met with such humorous remarks as "Now you're asking for something!"

What I was secretly asking for was someone who "knew about cars" to lead me to one particular car among the several thousand cars on display in the open nearby. There was no way I could distinguish one lot from another, and they all looked like circuses to me.

Suspended over the rows of cars in every lot there were rows of multicolored plastic whirligigs that spin around when the wind blows. There were strings of streamers as if royalty were soon to pass by. There were neon signs, banners, chalked-up signs, and painted signs promising the prospective buyer easy credit or a radio in every car. There were also the cars themselves. They were all the circus anyone could want. They were swollen, puffed-up monsters of cars, shining in all colors; inside they were like rooms, with their lounge seats and their radios and their heaters and their color schemes; their steering wheels looked as though they had been made out of ivory and whalebone and jade and pewter and other semi-precious substances; their dashboards looked like the things that jazz bands play in front of on the films. And they all looked factory-new to me. It had been nearly four years since I was in a country where American cars were in free supply, so the styles of the last four years were all equally new to me; and there were so many of them—so many styles, so many colors, so many cars, thousands upon thousands of them parked bumper to bumper in great rows, platoons, phalanxes, armies of gleaming and curved metal and glass. "Clean!" the signs shouted. Clean? These cars positively shone, they glittered; why tell me that they were clean?

This was no way to buy a car, but things moved as they always did, and the fifth morning after our arrival in California I went with a friend who knew no more about cars than I did to inspect a two-hundred-dollar car that it had been arranged I was to see. Mr. Dickson, we had been told, was expecting us, and we drove down the highway to him.

We found him in a wooden shack behind a phalanx of cars, under the usual bits of bunting and rows of whirligigs. Mr. Dickson was dressed in a lightweight suit that shone like some kind of metal; he had a tall, thin frame, the anxious, lined face of a victim of dyspepsia, and the tanned skin of an outdoor man. He was eager to please. He shook hands, said "It sure is hot," and guffawed suddenly, a surprisingly deep sound that matched neither his frame, his restless eyes, nor the smile through which the sound was uttered. He took us across the sand between the cars to the purple one we had come to see. "She doesn't *look* so good," he admitted, "but that poke on the door doesn't mean a thing. Look, it opens, it closes." He guffawed again. "If it wasn't for that poke in the ribs there we'd be asking three hundred for her. But that doesn't mean she can't run. Get in, try her, look around, take your time, make up your mind." His patter was exhausted; he attempted to revive himself with the deepest and most sepulchral guffaw we had yet heard from him. He failed, and withdrew with a kind of listless tact to one side, leaving us to look around.

Tact was called for, for neither of us had much idea of what we should look for. I opened the hood and we both stared inside, and then I closed the hood. We opened and closed all the doors. We switched on the lights and switched them off again. We started the car and drove it around the lot; we revved the engine; we brought it back to where Mr. Dickson stood listlessly on the sand, his lean figure casting a lean shadow in front of him, and I saw at least how he got his tan.

We were back later that afternoon —my feeling about that highway was such that I was almost surprised we

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had managed to find the place again, that it was still there, that Mr. Dickson was still there, that Mr. Dickson recognized us, and that we recognized him. When I had signed the bill of sale, Mr. Dickson took it from me and looked carefully at the signature. "You won't regret it," he said. "You've bought a good car, Don."

Friends in England had written asking, "What's it *like* in California?" Until a used-car salesman in a lot somewhere along that highway has called you by what he imagines is your first name, you have no idea *what* California is like.

America Is America Is America

What the newcomer catches glimpses of here is a country of unimaginable size, to all appearances related only nominally to what past it has, peopled by millions of immigrants or the near descendants of immigrants, held together and apart by sprawling highways of frightening dimensions. Sooner or later he asks, "How does it keep together? Why doesn't it fall apart?" If the asking of such a question is one of the privileges of a newcomer, so too perhaps is having a guess at some small part of the answer.

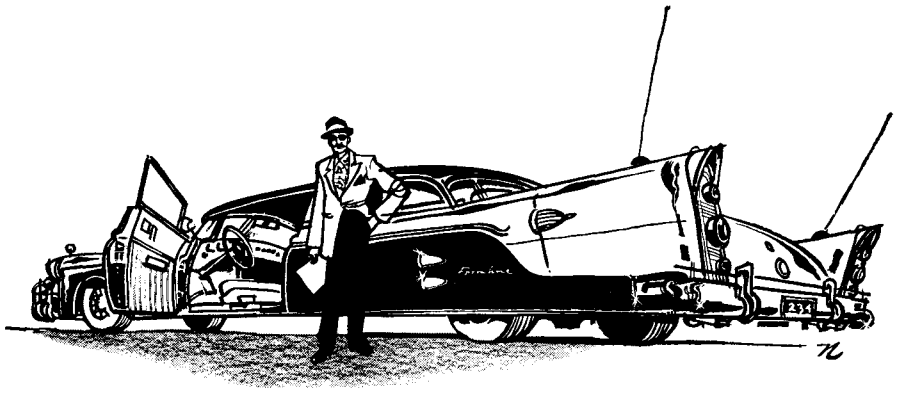
I think anyone who comes to both England and America as a visitor cannot but be immediately struck by how much less he seems to have learned of contemporary America from the classic American novelists than he has learned about contemporary England from the English authors. Half the fun of living in England, one sometimes feels, is just that delighted confirmation of the expectations one has derived from literature. Dickens and George Eliot and even Jane Austen still seem to have far more to do with the England of today than, say, Hawthorne with anything in this particular part of America. Indeed, Hawthorne, or Melville, or James has so little to do with anything one can immediately see that the expectation that any one of them might do so begins to look naïve in the extreme.

California, after all, is almost as far from New England as England itself is; and Melville wrote mostly about the sea or the Marquesas, anyway—these are the things one begins to tell oneself in tones of reproof. But while it is true that California is a long way from New England, they are both, surely, American; and if they are both American, why shouldn't one expect Hawthorne to tell one something about California? There is after all a continuity of a particular kind that even the mountainous facts of geography and history have not broken—and the suspicion that one has learned nothing about modern California by reading the classic American authors is unfounded. There is a persistence, though unlike the English persistence it has little physical about it, and is not to be found directly in matters of appearance, ways of speech, or overt social relationships. This continuity or persistence, it seems to me, may most simply be described as the self-consciousness of Americans about being Americans.

It is obviously not a simple matter, no matter how simply a two months' residence encourages one to describe it. And an outsider is probably more aware of this self-consciousness than he should be, and tempted to read more into it than he should, for people always explain themselves to an outsider much more than they do among themselves. Yet I am continually being surprised by how very much the Americans do it—and not only to outsiders but to each other. The English, one might say exaggeratedly, have the air of always being faintly surprised and amused that there are any people in the world who are not English; the Americans, on the other hand, seem always a little surprised that they are Americans. Or if not surprised, at least they believe that there is something so special in being Americans as to demand exhortations to each other on the subject. In fact, there seems to be a positive campaign about America that actively and continually engages the institutions of government, the schools, assorted public bodies, and all the media of communication; this is the simplest and most popular expression of what operates as busily on many other levels of sophistication.

The self-consciousness that in the books of James and Hawthorne and Cooper takes the form of a debate between a postulated "America" and a postulated "Europe" is hardly the same thing as that which at election time sends out the Boy Scouts with placards shaped like the Liberty Bell urging people to vote because it is the American thing to do, or that which prompts the marshaling of six-year-olds to salute the American flag at school every morning; but there is a connection between them, and it is not a tenuous one.

To put it no higher, this American self-consciousness has important work to do. The Americans are talking themselves into a relationship with one another and with what is around them; they are continually giving themselves a common name; they are continually, determinedly becoming Americans. They take neither themselves nor their country for granted, and it is precisely in this tension that they seem to know their identity as Americans.



The Center *Must* Hold

Intimately related to this—and indeed a part of it—is another feature of American life which is easily noted

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and which has been remarked on often before: friendliness. To one who drives down the highway for the first time, it seems that here in California there are no neighborhoods, no communities, no possibility of the development of a sense of mere distinctive localness—let alone the associated virtues of neighborliness, parochial interest, and local pride. Yet never have I been in a country where so high a value was put on sheer friendliness. In exactly the same measure that conditions seem to make it impossible, the Americans *are* good neighbors, *are* community-minded, *do* busy themselves with good works locally, *do* hail by their first names their neighbors of a few weeks' standing, *are* friendly to one another and to strangers.

It almost seems that America is a vast, deliberate exercise of the will. There is something frightening in the thought, for we have the belief that the will never acts but against its own counterimage, and that the more forcefully it is exerted the less secure is the equilibrium it has imposed.

One begins to suspect that if these people weren't so deliberately exerting themselves to be "good" and friendly Americans, there'd be nothing to stop California from declaring war on Oregon, people ramming their cars into one another all over the highways, the radio announcers screaming obscenities over the air, and the whole thing going up in a smash of asphalt, concrete, shining metal, toppling TV aerials, and broken packages of frozen foods.

Yet the fact that the fantasy presents itself in this form shows exactly how much of a fantasy it is. Not that American society is without its own tensions, which could become critical, like those of any other society; but rather that the use of the word "will" in this connection—despite its attractions—is misleading. Perhaps one should confine oneself to saying that the American need to be explicit about social aims and relationships seems at this time, here in California, an attempt to deal with the central problem of community in a mass society. There have been worse attempts to solve that problem.

Teachers in California: 'He Who Can, Must'

JOSEPH STOCKER

One September evening back in 1951, a commentator named Jimmy Tarantino broadcast a provocative tidbit over a San Francisco radio station. He said that one Fern Bruner, a teacher in the nearby town of San Lorenzo, had been "reported" to him as being a Communist or a Communist sympathizer.

Aroused parents demanded that she be fired out of hand. But Fern Bruner said she wasn't "guilty." Her superintendent held his ground and called on the California Teachers Association to look into the matter.

C.T.A., equally concerned with protecting its members from defamation and protecting the schools from subversion, made a detailed investigation. After satisfying itself that Fern Bruner was not a Communist sympathizer, C.T.A. filed a slander suit in her name against Tarantino, the radio station, and its manager. The jury awarded the teacher damages totaling $55,125. The radio station and C.T.A. finally settled for $34,685. Tarantino went off the air and eventually wound up in prison, convicted of trying to extort money from various San Francisco interests on threat of "exposing" them.

Fern Bruner was widely applauded in California for having had the courage to stand and fight. But the real hero of the case, as one newspaper put it, was the California Teachers Association. For C.T.A. had made it abundantly clear that trouble awaited anyone who impugned the loyalty of a teacher without getting his facts straight.

'We Can't Buy Prestige'

That the teachers of California value such services is attested by the fact that more than eighty-three thousand—or nearly all of them—belong to C.T.A. It is the largest state teachers' organization in the country, and is open to teachers at all levels of education, including those in colleges and universities. It is one of the most potent forces in California.

The members are particularly appreciative of C.T.A.'s efforts to bring dignity and status to a vocation that has been notoriously deficient in both. It has reached this goal partly by winning job security for teachers and rescuing them from economic oblivion. But that's not all. For C.T.A. operates on the principle that material reward alone cannot elevate teaching to the level of a true profession, that a high degree of professional responsibility and strenuous self-discipline are just as important.

"Our philosophy is never to help a member just to be helping him but to help the whole profession," says the Association's executive secretary, Arthur F. Corey. "We can't buy or force prestige for teachers. It has to be earned."

By thus earning public respect for their profession, Corey and the members of C.T.A. hope eventually to help purge our language of Shaw's tired adage—the one that goes: "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." So long as this stigma persists, C.T.A. holds, too many talented people will shy away from teaching, and the supply of teachers will therefore be inadequate for the job of manning America's rapidly expanding school systems.

In California the old chestnut has already been amended to read: "He who can't teach *mustn't* teach." Even as C.T.A. fights to safeguard the jobs of good teachers, it fights just as hard to safeguard public education by getting rid of the bad ones.

Among the bad ones it has helped to root out of California's school system was a high-school coach in a small town. His football teams did win most of their games, but that was the sum of his contributions to the school. He ignored an equally

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important part of his job—providing physical education for boys whose beef-and-muscle quota wasn't enough to get them on the football squad. He was twice admonished on that score by his school board, and twice he indignantly disregarded the admonition. To make matters worse, he countermanded the disciplinary measures of other teachers and tried to turn the pupils against the superintendent. The school-board members finally decided unanimously that the coach had to go.

The result was a community hullabaloo. A student strike broke out. School windows were broken. Rocks were hurled at the superintendent's house. The strike lasted two and a half days. On the third day a group of anxious citizens asked C.T.A. to come in and try to settle the fuss.

C.T.A. conducted an exhaustive investigation and found that the school board's charges against the coach were entirely valid. It turned in a report indorsing his dismissal. The community cooled off. The coach, defeated but still indignant, left teaching for good.

IF THE INCIDENT had occurred twenty-five years earlier, the coach might not have taken it so hard. In those days California teachers' salaries were such as to make cotton picking seem only a trifle less promising as a lifework. Since then, however, C.T.A. has led a concerted and continuing campaign to make the vocation more lucrative—and thus more dignified.

The effort has been remarkably successful. California's educational salaries are among the highest in the country. The current estimated average for teachers, principals, and supervisors is $5,250, which puts California second only to New York ($5,700) and far above the national average ($4,330). The average for classroom teachers is $5,150, which is again second only to New York ($5,550) and well above the national figure ($4,220).

California teachers are also entitled by law to sabbatical leave, bereavement leave, and cumulative sick leave. And their retirement benefits have been greatly increased. It was C.T.A. that sponsored these measures in the legislature.

In recent years, moreover, C.T.A.

Arthur F. Corey

has sponsored constitutional amendments to help California keep pace with a population growth so great as to require a new thirteen-room school every day. The voters approved the amendments, providing millions of dollars for new classrooms in needy districts and state aid to education. At the base of the whole structure is a constitutional guarantee giving the schools first claim on state revenues—even ahead of the governor's salary. C.T.A. sponsored that one, too.

WHERE the taxpayers leave off in providing tangible benefits for teachers, C.T.A. itself takes over, along with its six regional and semi-autonomous sections. For instance, the Association runs its own placement service, which finds jobs for about a thousand teachers a year. It sells group automobile insurance to its members at forty per cent below going rates. Its southern section, based at Los Angeles, maintains a $5-million credit union, offering low-interest loans to teachers, and an $800,000 home for retired members. It also operates a corporation to invest money for teachers and a purchasing service through which they may buy, at discounts, everything from vitamins to cars. These agencies are run by special boards, elected by the four-hundred-member governing council of the southern section, and their undertakings are subject to meticulous review at meetings of the council several times a year.

Finally, there's a welfare bureau in C.T.A.'s southern section to help teachers in distress. It is surprisingly flexible and human in its approach. Recently a San Diego teacher had to retire because of ill health. Her retirement pay was enough to sustain her, but it left nothing for luxuries. C.T.A.'s welfare bureau heard about her plight, and every month thereafter the teacher received a twenty-five-dollar check, with explicit instructions that it be spent only on cosmetics, taxi fare, and theater tickets. She kept on getting these checks until she died.

The Question of Tenure

Some years ago C.T.A. persuaded the state legislature to enact a strong teacher-tenure law. It requires that disputed charges of incompetency be proved in court before a teacher can be fired. The law applies to all teachers who have been on the job three years in the larger school districts.

But while teacher-tenure laws protect competent teachers from cavalier dismissal, they also tend to protect incompetent teachers. A teacher's competency is often a matter of individual opinion, and incompetency is difficult to prove. Judges, being lawyers and not experts in education, often find it difficult to reach decisions in the cases that come before them.

C.T.A. began to realize all this as the years went by and as tenure laws came under increasing attack, both in California and elsewhere. It realized, too, that the law's shortcomings were providing ammunition for those who opposed tenure on principle. "We couldn't continue to justify tenure unless we were willing to discipline ourselves," a C.T.A. official told me. "And we couldn't do that unless we were clothed with legal authority."

Recently, therefore, Arthur Corey and the C.T.A. went back to the legislature and persuaded it to pass another law which provides that the judge in a teacher-tenure case may call on C.T.A.—or any other qualified teachers' group—to set up a professional panel. The panel, with scrupulous impartiality, investigates the teacher's fitness and then submits a professional opinion in court.

This is a legal prerogative that doctors and lawyers have had for a

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long time. Now the law gives teachers the same professional recognition and responsibility. The net effect is an official recognition that teaching is a profession in California. In this respect the state is unique.

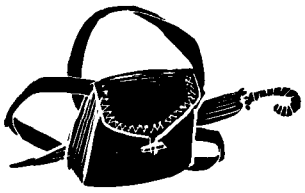
ALONG WITH protecting good teachers and helping to weed out bad ones, C.T.A. makes sure—in so far as it is able—that only competent people enter teaching in the first place. Of course, the ultimate licensing of teachers is a state function in California, as elsewhere. But before the licensing of teachers comes the education of teachers, and here C.T.A. can and does have a say. One of the Association's many divisions is a Commission on Teacher Education. Its mission is to improve standards for the preparation and screening of teachers before they enter classrooms. It works closely with professors in the colleges of education, most of whom are themselves members of C.T.A. Whenever a workable plan for raising teaching standards is devised, C.T.A. sponsors the necessary legislation. Thus, despite California's insatiable appetite for teachers (it needs fifteen thousand new ones every year), its standards for teaching have remained high.

'I Guess I'm a *Zealot*'

Arthur Corey considers all this self-discipline a clear gain in C.T.A.'s crusade to win public respect for teaching and teachers. The Association, founded in 1863, had forty-one thousand members when Corey took the helm and already was a factor to be reckoned with in California affairs. But its objectives consisted solely of getting better pay and more security for teachers. Corey felt it was time for C.T.A. to raise its sights. He wanted to lift it from a run-of-the-mill teachers' lobby to a truly professional organization, on a level with state bar associations and medical societies.

In the process of building respect for the profession, Corey has won a fair share of personal respect for himself. "If Corey is for something, it must be O.K.," a teacher remarked not long ago. And a member of the C.T.A. staff, choosing his language carefully, has said, "I evaluate Arthur with a term I rarely use—greatness."

Corey, himself a former schoolteacher, is a tall (six-foot-three), rather homely, and vigorous man of fifty-four. When he talks about C.T.A. his words spill out in a torrent, and his eyes, behind rimless spectacles, become brighter than usual. "I guess I'm kind of a zealot," he has said. "Everybody tells me I



am, anyway. When I go after a thing, I get pretty excited about it."

EDUCATION has been Corey's ruling passion ever since he came of age. Born in Pennsylvania, he moved to California in his teens and enrolled at Whittier College, a Quaker school. He became deeply and permanently infected by the Friends' social conscience and carried it with him right on up to the California Teachers Association.

Corey's first teaching job, in a small southern California community, paid him $1,800 a year. Then he became the principal of another school and went from that to still another district as superintendent. Shortly afterward, he was appointed assistant superintendent of Orange County.

During the depression, he went to work for the Federal Forum Project in Washington. Returning to California, he joined C.T.A.'s staff as director of public relations for the southern section. Soon he was promoted to executive secretary of the section. Then, on the retirement of Roy Cloud, who had been the state executive secretary for twenty years, Corey moved into the top spot. His appointment came from C.T.A.'s state board of directors, which, in turn, is chosen by a representative state-wide governing council. The council meets twice a year, and the board appoints an executive secretary every four years. Corey has been reappointed twice and is now completing the first year of his third term.

His predecessor, Roy Cloud, whose zeal for the well-being of teachers and teaching was no less than Arthur Corey's, had picked up C.T.A. when it was little more than a speechmaking society. An able lobbyist, he pushed through a formidable list of measures to start rescuing teachers from economic limbo. Corey took it from there. He persuaded the membership to increase the dues and thus boost C.T.A.'s income to a million dollars a year. He quadrupled the staff.

ONE OF the ways Corey sought to bring dignity to teaching was by giving teachers a rightful say in matters that hitherto had been considered none of their business. What, for example, should be taught in the schools, and how should it be taught? In many states, this is an area ruled exclusively by teachers' colleges, school boards, and administrators. But C.T.A. says the teachers should also have a voice in it. "There are more community fights over what's being taught than over the cost of education," Corey has explained. "A teacher may get into trouble for talking about UNESCO or for not teaching the alphabet until the second semester. If she cites her college professor as her authority, it's not enough. But if she cites the professional standards of her group—in this case C.T.A., with its nearly ninety thousand members—it carries real weight."

The Association has accordingly spoken out a number of times on questions that perpetually plague both teachers and parents. One was the question of whether controversial issues should be taught in the schools. There were many in California, as in other states, whose answer was a flat "No." (They feared the poisoning of susceptible young minds.) But C.T.A.'s answer was a firm "Yes." (It argued that democracy will go sterile unless students are given a chance to examine all sides of controversial subjects.) The result is that when a teacher opens up the touchy subject of Communism for an objective discussion, he knows that he has the support of his entire profession.

During the UNESCO uproar in Los Angeles, C.T.A., although it didn't take part in the controversy, repeatedly affirmed its support of UNESCO, and, for that matter, of the entire U.N. It also affirmed the teachers'

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responsibility to teach about them. And the school board's final decision —however halfhearted and reluctant —was to let teachers go ahead and discuss these "dangerous" topics.

ANOTHER phase of Corey's expanded program for C.T.A. is helping the schools and their teachers to establish rapport with the taxpaying public. Teachers are urged, for instance, to take an active part in community affairs and generally to conduct themselves so as not to bring discredit on their profession. "A teacher," says Corey, "must be a good citizen as well as a good teacher."

Accordingly, the private life of a teacher may come under C.T.A.'s scrutiny, as it did in the case of a woman who found herself hopelessly in debt. She was a fine teacher but she just didn't know how to handle money. She owed hundreds of dollars to merchants all over town, and the credit standing of all teachers in the community suffered as a result. The school hated to fire her, but something had to be done.

A C.T.A. man had a talk with the teacher, who readily agreed to an arrangement whereby her pay checks were turned over to a local bank which gave her a living allowance and applied the rest to paying her bills. In two years she was out of debt, and she still has her job.

Sniffles and *Realpolitik*

But C.T.A. doesn't permit itself to become so engrossed with teachers' public relations that it forgets to keep its political and economic fences in good repair. Whenever the legislature meets at Sacramento, two full-time C.T.A. lobbyists are on hand to protect the interests of schools, students, and teachers. It would appear that they do their work with rather more than average efficiency. In a recent legislative session, every major bill proposed by C.T.A. passed. And in the session before that, not a single bill opposed by the teachers got through except where objectionable provisions had been deleted.

C.T.A. is particularly attentive to obscure and seemingly harmless measures that actually portend trouble for the schools. During one session, a legislator introduced a bill to exempt tuna boats from local property taxes. C.T.A. decided it was a bad precedent. If tuna boats were exempt, other enterprises might be exempt, and that would reduce the tax base for operation of the schools.

The sponsor of the bill was dismayed. "How come you folks are interested in fish?"

"Well," replied the C.T.A. lobbyis in a reasonable tone, "they travel in schools, don't they?"

The tuna bill died in committee.

On the loyalty-oath issue, C.T.A. was somewhat less adament. It opposed any loyalty oaths that specifically singled out teachers. But when a measure came up to require such an oath of all public employees, and neither the state employees nor organized labor raised their voices against it, C.T.A. decided to take no stand. The McCarthy storm was then at its worst, and it was felt that opposition to the loyalty oath would imperil various pieces of essential school legislation. With no large-scale opposition, the loyalty oath passed.

Looking back on the episode, C.T.A. leaders now admit that they aren't very proud of their compromise. At the same time, they aren't prepared to say that they wouldn't do the same thing again, given the same climate and the same set of circumstances.

In any case, they feel that C.T.A. did a good deal better by itself in a more recent episode in San Francisco. The local school board voted

to restrict the political activities of teachers. C.T.A.'s people protested, but in vain. They debated whether to have recourse to the courts and decided that this, too, might be futile. So they introduced a bill in the 1955 legislature. It passed, and California now has a law that prohibits school boards from restricting the political activities of teachers after school hours.

AS BUSY as C.T.A. is with affairs of state, lesser and more homely matters are just as likely to send it into action. Once it was a stove in a two-room mountain school whose two teachers complained that it didn't work right and they couldn't get anybody to fix it. The children were catching the sniffles. C.T.A. persuaded the appropriate officials to have the stove repaired forthwith.

It was this lively concern for the welfare of children that also set C.T.A. to prying into the case of a neglected school in a west-central California ranch district. The school consisted of several abandoned Army barracks. Classrooms were crowded. Drinking fountains were bad and the plumbing was worse. The school was attended mainly by the children of migratory farm workers, and people who don't vote tend to have no voice in making up municipal budgets.

But C.T.A. had a voice, and a loud one. It prevailed upon the ranchers to pay more attention to the school. Then it prevailed upon the school board to submit a bond issue. The bonds carried and a new school was built. It has good drinking fountains, commodious classrooms, and splendid plumbing—all in all, as snappy a school as you'll find in California.

THESE practical, down-to-earth concerns are an essential part of Arthur Corey's belief that teachers must apply themselves to the advancement of education in every one of its many aspects if they are to win public acceptance as a true profession.

Corey's ambitions for the teachers of California do not stop there, however. "As long as we have to beg teachers to come in on a catch-as-catch-can basis, we won't get good teachers," he says fervently. "The social significance of teaching in a free society will permit us to be satisfied only with a climate which clearly recognizes teaching as *the* pre-eminent profession. We want it to be a profession which will inspire our finest young people to say, 'Can I teach? Do I have what it takes? If I can, then I must.' "

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Mr. Macmillan Charts a Course

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

ONE EVENING toward the end of the last war, while on a brief leave from France, I wandered into my London club in search of a more appetizing meal than the prevailing diet of Spam and cheese. At the long center table, an alert shortsighted man was holding forth.

His words were producing a chorus of disbelief and exasperation. "You none of you seem to realize," he was saying with an expansive gesture which sent a wineglass flying, "that the shape of the world is altering before our eyes. When this is over, Britain is going to be a very small power compared with Russia and America." The heavy portraits on the walls of two centuries of British statesmen and soldiers seemed to shift in their frames. "Oh, I know they treat us as equals at the moment, but that is largely due to Winston," he went on. "Wait till the world returns to normal. America is going to have an economy that is twice as powerful as it was. Ours will never fully recover. America is going to be the only country powerful enough to lead the western world, whether we like it or not. The only question is whether we will have any influence with her. If we have got any sense we will accept the second place gracefully and dovetail our brains and experience with their power and energy. Be to them what the Greeks were to the Romans in the later Empire. If we can do that we shall have more influence that we have ever had."

To his listeners, their minds concentrated for more than five years on the job of defeating Germany, the only country they had been brought up to think capable of challenging Britain's position as a great power, these views seemed unorthodox to the point of disloyalty. From a hazy memory of prewar literary parties, I could place the speaker as a publisher, but his name eluded me. I made a *sotto voce* inquiry of a companion. "Winston's representative at Eisenhower's headquarters," I was told. "Might know what he is talking about. Harold Macmillan."

TODAY Harold Macmillan, as Her Majesty's Prime Minister, has to shoulder the principal responsibility for the very problem on which he was expanding that night twelve

years ago. For never in the postwar years have the diminished proportions of British power and influence been more nakedly apparent than since the debacle of Anglo-French intervention at Port Said and the ignominious cease-fire that followed it. To awaken suddenly to the fact that Britain is on the shortest of leading strings from the United States, and to be isolated by all except a handful of traditional friends at the United Nations, has been a powerful shock to even the most complacent Britons.

For the past decade, it has been a politicians' platitude that Britain's unique position in the world rests on the fact that it stands at the conjunction of three overlapping circles: NATO, the Commonwealth, and Europe. For the time being, even the most sanguine supporter of the Conservative government admits that these three circles are badly out of alignment in relation to each other and to London.

The Centrifugal Commonwealth

Take the Commonwealth first. The Eden government's action in issuing an ultimatum to Egypt and Israel without informing, let alone consulting, the Commonwealth governments struck at the principal reason why these countries value their association with Britain. The interchange of confidential information with London is balm to the smaller nations and is a stronger cement than the increasingly less valuable imperial economic preferences. Pakistan, India, and Ceylon inevitably condemned the Suez action. Canada, which has steadily tried to reinforce its Commonwealth connection during the years of Far Eastern crisis as a counterpoise to American brinkmanship, was caught at its weakest point by this outbreak of British brinkmanship and had to stand aloof. Mr. Nehru and President Eisenhower have since then found it easier to talk face to face than through the medium of Britain. Even New Zealand and Australian officials resent bitterly in private the way in which their compliance and loyalty on this and every issue have been taken for granted in Whitehall.

The picture of London addressing Washington on equal terms by reason of its leadership of a united Commonwealth embracing five continents—an image that did have some reality during the Korean and Indo-China crises—is hardly convincing nowadays.

Cautious Europe

And the second circle—Europe? The most cherished dream of the Conservative right wing is that Britain should become the leader of Europe and build a third force that would counterbalance Russian and American power. "Are we to be more, or less, closely tied to America by our foreign policy?" asks Angus Maude, one of the more literary-minded

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Members of Parliament, in the *Spectator*. "Are we going to try to save the reborn Anglo-French alliance and use it to build up a genuine leadership in western Europe?"

But is western Europe prepared to accept Britain's leadership? It is true that Britain, following a switch in policy initiated by Macmillan when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, is moving toward a form of association in a free-trade area with the rapidly burgeoning European customs union, but this is more to avert Germany's domination of the European economy than to create a political makeweight to the United States. It is true also that there are siren voices wafting toward London from the Ruhr industrialists, and they have been given a favoring wind on several occasions recently by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's hints that Britain and Europe together could build a nuclear power industry that would make them independent of the United States.

There is no doubt that the current skepticism in Europe about the consistency of American leadership, a consequence of the Eisenhower Administration's clumsy courtship of the Afro-Asians, does create a new bond between Britain and the European members of NATO. But against this must be set the deep sense of grievance felt by most of the NATO countries, not only because of Britain's disregard of the principles of consultation within NATO but also because of the damage that the oil famine has inflicted on their economies. Italy in particular, and the Scandinavian countries to a lesser extent, are in no mood to welcome Britain as the wise pilot of their destinies.

'Are We a Satellite?'

But it is the third area—that of the Anglo-American partnership—which is the most awry and which consequently creates the sharpest division of opinion within Britain at present. It is the more divisive because for a decade the alliance has been taken for granted and its true nature concealed from all but that small minority of Englishmen who had opportunities to study its workings at first hand. The influence of Churchill in the United States, the theoretical equality of Britain and

Macmillan

the United States in such bodies as the U.N. Security Council and the NATO Military Standing Group, the chauvinism of the popular press, and the fact that in the two most recent crises of Anglo-American relations, Korea and Indo-China, it had been a case of British maturity restraining and mediating U.S. power —all this had combined to create a consoling vision of equality.

Witnessing the spectacle of a British Prime Minister whipping off his dogs of war at a telephone call from the White House has brought to the surface all kinds of resentments that have clearly been brewing for years. In any personal poll of the barber-cabbie-deliveryman type, an impish pleasure in "going it without those bloody Yanks" has invariably been given preference over "having a bash at that bastard Nasser" to account for the overwhelming popularity of the Anglo-French action among voters of both Left and Right.

"Are we a satellite?" cries the extreme Right. "That poisonous umbilical cord," growls the extreme Left. "We must learn that we are not America's equal now and cannot be," replies the Center in the words of the *Economist*. "We have a right to state our minimum national interests and expect the Americans to respect them. But, that done, we must look for their lead." Such moderation, however, has deep tides of released pride and anger to withstand.

STANDING amid this debris is the elegant figure of Harold Macmillan. He has domestic problems in plenty, and these, rather than international questions, may well determine his party's fate in the next elections. But his place in the long gallery of British Prime Ministers will clearly depend on his success in rebuilding Britain's position in the world.

At first sight he looks the last man for such a laborious and uphill job. With his elaborate Edwardian manners, large shortsighted eyes, drooping mouth, and straggling mustache, his outward appearance at sixty-three is antiquated rather than just elderly. He looks like a Max Beerbohm evocation of the closed aristocratic circle that ruled England from the great country houses before 1914. Possessed of a private income, the son-in-law of a duke, schooled by Eton and the Guards, he seems unfitted to grapple with the harsh problems of transforming Great Britain into a successful industrial democracy in a none too friendly world.

In fact, his selection by the Queen to succeed Sir Anthony Eden instead of the apparently more liberal R. A. Butler has revived many deep irritations within the Conservative Party and in the country as a whole at the way in which the succession to the highest offices revolves within a narrow circle of candidates drawn from good schools and regiments, and mostly related to each other.

The Ruthless Extrovert

But Macmillan is no carbon copy of Eden. Where Eden was a romantic, driven in his later years by ill health, spleen, and diplomatic frustration into a crippling egocentricity, Macmillan is a happy extrovert. Though he may look like a Hilaire Belloc drawing of a Victorian duke, he is in fact half Hoosier, half businesslike Scot. He is a scholarly man, accustomed, as was natural in his family publishing trade, to extracting ideas

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from books as well as from people. Unlike Eden, who was really only interested in foreign affairs, he has served in many different fields of government: wartime production, housing, colonies, and air; and in the last two and a half years he has been successively in charge of defense, foreign affairs, and finance. In every department his civil servants have admired and liked him for his originality, his thoroughness, and the ease with which he made up his mind. Everywhere he has been he has upset established routine and challenged preconceived ideas.

The great publishing house of Macmillan was not built on affability, and it is not for nothing that the villain's name from Bertolt Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, "Mac the Knife" —applied to him by a London cartoonist—has stuck. For he is a hard man, and the kind, tired eyes conceal the complete ruthlessness that has been apparent in his dealings with his fellow politicians.

In forming his Cabinet, he paid tribute to influence and efficiency but little to loyalty or long service. Thus Butler, whose influence had been attenuated by his refusal to shoulder unpleasant responsibilities in the last year of the Eden government, but who still commands a considerable following of moderate Conservatives, was kept as Leader of the House of Commons and given the powerful platform of the Home Office (the equivalent of Herbert Brownell's job in Washington) as well.

But many of Eden's and Churchill's hardest-working henchmen were summarily relegated to the back benches; while the energetic and thrusting young Peter Thorneycroft was promoted to the Treasury, the able and ruthless Duncan Sandys to the Ministry of Defence, and a nonpolitical industrialist, Sir Percy Mills, was brought in to consolidate Britain's lead in industrial atomic energy. It is a Cabinet of efficiency intended to get British policy off dead center and give it some impetus, rather than to attract public support or overcome the internal divisions within the right and the moderate wings of the Conservative Party. Macmillan will govern the country rather than merely be the head of government, as Eden, and even Churchill in his last years as Prime Minister, were before him.

Realism and Defense

The first attic Macmillan is determined to spring-clean, and has already started on, is defense. Britain's defense policy is made up of the fag ends of old plans evolved before or during the Korean War and is in need of a major overhaul. The large garrisons in the Mediterranean and Southeast Asia necessitate a form of conscription that is expensive both in money and manpower, and which both major political parties are determined to get rid of. At the same time, the frantic efforts that were necessary to mobilize a small combined force for the intervention at Port Said have revealed the rustiness of Britain's mobilization machinery.

Churchill

But it is Britain's contribution to the nuclear deterrent in the form not only of an independent program for hydrogen and atomic weapons, but also of the planes, ships, and guided missiles to carry them, that is bearing most heavily on the economy, and at its weakest points—that is to say in its demands on rare metals, industrial capacity that could otherwise be devoted to the production of civil aircraft, and skilled scientific manpower.

It is here that Macmillan's grasp of the fundamentals of the Anglo-American relationship has already served him well. Though he supported a "go-it-alone" policy against Egypt, he is under no illusion that Britain can afford to be anything but a junior partner of the United States in the grand strategy of confronting and deterring the Soviet Union. This is illustrated by the fact that almost as soon as he assumed office he dispatched Duncan Sandys to Washington to discuss what parts of the British weapon and aircraft program should be scrapped and replaced by American missiles and aircraft already in production. Such an attitude discards the cherished illusion of Churchill and Eden that by possessing their own independent deterrent they could speak with greater authority in Washington. True to his formula, Macmillan believes that Britain must exert its influence on the stronger partner by the ability and originality of its scientific, strategic, and political ideas rather than by attempting to imitate or outbid America in the realm of pure power.

For all its initial energy, Macmillan's government still has about it the flavor of an interim régime, of a salvage team. Though there is little question of a general election in the immediate future, the opinion polls show that Labour has once again a definite margin of superiority with the electorate (of the order of forty-eight per cent against the Conservatives' forty-two). At present its leaders are biding their time. Hugh Gaitskell is primarily concerned with recovering the ground he lost by opposing the outburst of jingoistic patriotism at the time of the Suez crisis. Aneurin Bevan, the new "shadow" Foreign Secretary, has too much to learn in a field he has never before bothered to master to be able to challenge the government head-on.

If the problems that confront the Macmillan government can be overcome by good sense and efficiency alone, then it will probably survive the remaining three years before a general election is mandatory, and emerge with honor. But if there should be a sudden deterioration of East-West relations or an economic breakdown, then Macmillan's inability to establish emotional contact with the public, along with his vague platitudinous speeches, will tell heavily against him.

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Il Reste Toujours La Bicyclette

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

As you drive into the city from Orly Airport, traffic seems to be humming along the same as ever. You may be able to make a little better time than usual on the big boulevards, but that's to be expected in winter, and when you come to a major intersection, the policemen still blow their whistles frantically and the cars are still jammed up for blocks. Everything looks pretty much the same. But for a Parisian what a difference! There is a gasoline shortage, and it is going to last quite a while.

IF THE government had thrown all automobiles into the sea, or if it had taken them all out into the countryside and parked them in the fields, a lot of drivers might have been shocked at first, but before long they probably would have felt a sense of relief. It would be a fine thing for Paris to be given back to the human beings who live and work in it. Everybody agrees that the city was never so beautiful as it was during the war, when people rode bicycles up long avenues lined with trees that were fresh and green in the clean air. The sight of Paris without any cars might even have set an example for all the other capitals that are crawling with mechanical lice, and Nasser might go down in history as the benefactor of mankind who made the big cities finally decide to clean themselves up.

Unfortunately the French government didn't seize the opportunity that was presented by the gasoline shortage. It gave car owners ration cards, with the result that everyone who drives a car is miserable. Of course this doesn't apply to foreign visitors, who receive amounts up to a hundred gallons for touring purposes, with a possibility of even larger allotments this spring, when the tourist rush really begins in earnest. However, the French driver's moral principles are put to severe strain—and the traffic is just about as bad as ever.

'J'ai pris le métro'

Every time a Parisian gets in his car, he tries to calculate the shortest distance between two points—and the Paris streets do not run as the crow flies. Shall I take the car to go to work, he asks himself, or shall I save it up for a little ride on Saturday afternoon? I have to go to the dentist: Would it be a little less awful if I drove there, or should I save the gas in case the boss asks me to lunch at Versailles?

Under these circumstances a man becomes a schemer. Given an invitation to dine with the Dumonts, the thought will run through his mind that the Lefèvres will probably be there and so if he takes the car he'll have to offer to drive them home. If he doesn't take it, perhaps the Chesneaux, who will also be there, will drive *him* home. Yes, but suppose they don't bring their car.

And a man becomes a hypocrite. You are leaving a cocktail party. You shake hands in the street. (The French are always shaking hands.)

DURAND: "Have you got your car?"

DUPONT: "I didn't bring it, did you?"

DURAND: "I didn't either."

DUPONT: "Well, so long."

DURAND: "So long."

And they both stand there. The trouble is that each of them has left his car just around the corner.

WHEN A MAN is at the wheel his state of mind is even worse. He knows that the only way to save gas is to drive steadily. So what does he do? He tries not to use the brakes in order not to have to accelerate again and thus waste precious fuel. He tries to keep on going come what may, and heaven help anything in his path.

There is also the matter of parking. It has been said that there are so many cars in Paris that most of them had better keep on running because it would be impossible for them all to park at the same time. But they can't keep running without gasoline.

CONFRONTED with this disaster, what does the Frenchman think? Well, he is wondering what caused it. Some people say it was Nasser and others say it was the Americans. A few halfheartedly blame it all on their own government.

But the most frequently heard remark is, "Where can I get some black-market gas?" When the Germans occupied Paris they took everything and the Parisians had to go to the black market just to stay alive. But nobody bragged about it.

Today even the most honest motorist, a man who would be uneasy about keeping a thousand-franc note he found lying in the street, has no qualms whatsoever about using the black market. It seems that many people who now own cars for the first time in their lives simply won't accept the humiliation of reverting to pedestrian status. And so they are willing to pay anything to keep up their pride. They will even ruin their cars by putting all sorts of unorthodox mixtures into the tank; and to get good gas they will pay double or triple the already formidable legal price.

The trouble is that in this country where people always manage to get around government regulations, the black market is not working as well as one would expect. Nobody comes around trying to sell you black-market gas. Is this because the smart operators have failed for once to organize the market? Is it because the police are on the job? Or is it simply because there is no gasoline available?

Whenever two Parisians meet on the street these days, one of them always asks the other, "Where can I get some gas?" This is a useless question and it should not be taken literally. The question really means something else. It is asked with some bitterness, and the man who asks it is really asking, deep in his heart, a far more difficult question: "When will France be out of trouble?"

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Making Our Cities Fit to Live In

HANNAH LEES

THE AMERICA of today is essentially urban. Two-thirds of us live in large cities. Nine of every ten wage earners make their livings in cities. About a hundred million of us—considerably more than half of our population—are now living crowded together in 175 metropolitan areas. All this has happened since those of us over thirty-five or so were born, for up to the 1920's more people lived out in the farming areas than in and around cities.

You hear a lot of talk about the trend to decentralization, but it is hard to imagine any decentralization that could reduce the crowding of existing cities. In just the last ten years our population increased by twenty million, and *all* of that increase was in urban areas. Growth is considered progress, but whether it adds up to that or to slow death by strangulation depends entirely on what the cities—most of them old, most of them designed for a small fraction of their present populations—can do about making room for people to live. One alarming fact that all the big cities are having to face is that while their populations have grown the average urban family income has steadily dropped—and this in spite of the rising wage scale. Each year more and more of the prosperous move out to the suburbs or the country, and more and more low-income families move into town.

THIS is the squeeze in which all the crowded old cities find themselves. They must provide more and better living quarters for their low-income families. But at the same time they must find a way to look more attractive to upper-income families and to new retail businesses or they will go into a slow decline. Yet they can lure well-heeled families and luxury businesses only if they stop being so crowded. They have to provide more places for people to live and at the same time more parks and malls and pleasant spaces for people to walk and look at the sun and at things growing. It can be done—there is a lot of unused and badly used land in every city—but it is a staggering job. Every city as the problem has dawned on it has set up a series of boards and commissions and authorities to cope with the problem. But it has turned out to be a job that cannot be attacked piecemeal. And so a brand-new job has emerged in city administration: that of housing or development co-ordinator.

Man with a Headache

William Rafsky is Philadelphia's Development Coordinator. He is a relaxed, infinitely optimistic man of thirty-seven who started his career in government as executive secretary to Mayor Joseph S. Clark—now Senator Clark. It is his job under the present mayor, Richardson Dilworth, to see that the plans of the City Planning Commission, the Housing Authority, the Redevelopment Authority, the Zoning Board, the Board of Building Standards,

the Air Pollution Control Board, and more than thirty other boards, authorities, commissions, and departments fit together to produce real progress instead of just plans for progress all heading in different directions. And while he is trying to co-ordinate the future Rafsky also has to help these same boards, commissions, and departments cope with living conditions the way they are right now, and at least keep them from getting worse.

PHILADELPHIA's problems, however appalling they seem to Philadelphians, are problems common to all big cities that don't want to become ghost towns. Philadelphia is determined not to become one. Its Penn Center project, which has attracted a good deal of national attention, has already torn down a row of four city blocks where an old railroad station, a Chinese wall supporting railroad tracks, and a row of dilapidated warehouses were closing in on City Hall; private enterprise is filling the space with carefully planned office buildings, a new luxury hotel, and a new efficient bus terminal, all conceived as a group to make the center of the city handsomer and more open than could have seemed possible five years ago.

Other plans for the near future, of which there are a series of remarkably decorative and alluring models on view, include turning the river front, now a mass of docks and wholesale food markets, into a handsome residential neighborhood for several thousand families in all income brackets. Docks and piers will be replaced by a marina, for studies have shown that an unexpected number of city dwellers own pleasure boats. The wholesale food market will be moved several miles down the river to land that is already being cleared and made ready for building. All this is planned for within the next few years and is more than likely to happen; a group of real-estate men and businessmen have become worried enough about the decline of downtown Philadelphia to be pushing the project and expect to back it with about $125 million in private capital. There are plans for new luxury apartment houses bordering the parkway where slum houses have been slowly falling apart for years, and the contracts include a cause specifying that at least half the land they occupy must be grass and gardens. There are plans for new expressways to drain off traffic and for a system of interlocking malls and parks which architects refer to as the Greenway system and which to us citizens simply

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means that when we come out of our office buildings we may no longer have to look down endless corridors of tall straight blank walls but will find them broken by glimpses of green.

The Eastwick Plan

Philadelphia's most ambitious plan—and the most dramatic if it goes through—is to turn a rundown section near the airport into a new small city-within-a-city in the next ten years. This section, called Eastwick, would provide some twelve thousand new homes in the $10,000 to $12,000 price range. They are to be row houses but with a difference, imaginatively designed to include communal gardens and play space for children. Eastwick is on low land and has always been swampy and undesirable, but the city with redevelopment funds (one-third from the city and two-thirds from the Federal government) expects to buy, clear, drain, and fill the land and install sewage and utilities systems. It would sell the land to private builders who agreed to build houses with the new look Philadelphia has in mind.

CARRIED THROUGH in time, these plans could work the seeming miracle of providing for more families and more business yet giving everybody more room to turn around in. Meanwhile, however, it would not be overstating things to say that living conditions today are a mess. Here is a city with 650,000 families living within its crowded limits—some in houses, some in apartments, some in makeshift rooms or even just one room. A hundred and eighteen thousand of those families—by actual count—are living in places so bad they should be torn down right away. Another 200,000 are living in districts that border on good neighborhoods but show serious signs of going to seed. Their homes don't need to be torn down, but most of them need extensive repairs and renovations or in a few years they too will have to be torn down. Meanwhile their deterioration will have had a bad effect on the better neighboring districts. This means in cold fact that about half of Philadelphia's entire residential area presents immediate problems for the

co-ordinator to worry about. How does he decide what comes first?

Honored in the Breach

What should be and in fact can be a very useful weapon for Rafsky to use against this sort of decay is a housing code adopted a couple of years ago. It says every dwelling must have an inside toilet, a bath, and hot water; every kitchen must have a sink; there must be heating facilities capable of keeping all rooms at seventy degrees; no single person can live in a room smaller than ten by fifteen feet, and there must be space approximately equivalent to an eight-by-ten-foot room for each additional member of the family beyond that; every ten-by-ten-foot room has to have at least a two-by-four-foot window. All good requirements these, and certainly minimal enough, yet probably a third of the houses now being used violate the code in one important way or another and their owners are liable to prosecution.

Until just recently, Philadelphia has had a pretty lackadaisical bureau of licenses and inspections, and after fighting to get its new code was noticeably slow about starting any real effort to enforce it. But even an efficient, dedicated corps of inspectors wouldn't automatically solve everything. To find out what could be done with strict code enforcement alone, Rafsky picked a slum area of 1,118 homes, not the worst in the city but most of them violating several of the minimum housing requirements. The district had little civic pride and no leadership. After two years of inspection and endless meetings with landlord committees and tenant committees to persuade them that this was the law and had to be complied with, three-quarters of the dwellings had only the legal number of occupants and proper sanitation, heat, and plumbing. But eighty dwellings had been closed and hundreds of families that had been living doubled up had been forced to move out—most of them no doubt to crowd adjacent areas where the code was not being enforced so strictly. Where else was there for them to go? Philadelphia will sooner or later have to take an all-out stand on crowding, for this is probably the worst problem of the slums, but to take a firm stand all at once would throw tens of thousands of families into the streets. There is also the problem of how much to push enforcement in districts scheduled to be torn down within a few years. That brings up the question of where to start the tearing-down process.

The 'Island' Scheme

The old idea was that if you started at the middle of the worst part and created a fine island of good living quarters, you would raise the living standards of the surroundings. Philadelphia gave this a try over the past ten years. But after spending more than ten million dollars of city, state, and Federal money, it managed to clear only two per cent of what needed clearing. It also turned out that people didn't want to live in the fine middle-income apartment houses that were built on these islands. They didn't want to live surrounded by slums. A year or two ago Rafsky got most of Philadelphia's boards, authorities, and com-

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missions to agree that a better solution might be to concentrate on renovating the fringe areas and thus work in from the good neighborhoods. On the face of it, this makes sense, for if you start at the worst slums and work out, the fringe areas will have become slums by the time you get to them.

Every housing expert looking at dilapidated or even semi-dilapidated houses inevitably dreams of tearing them down and replacing them with fine low-cost but modern homes. But he always has to end by abandoning the dream, for the stark fact is that none of the people living in any of these old houses can afford to live in any new house that any builder can afford to build. Half the families living in Philadelphia have incomes under $3,500. A third more have incomes between $3,500 and $6,000. This third, who are considered the middle-income families, are quite literally in the middle—too well off for public housing yet not nearly well enough off to meet the monthly payments or the rent on a $10,000 house, which is rock bottom for row houses in a city like Philadelphia.

Rafsky broods considerably about the fact that no matter how many new houses he can persuade builders to put up, it won't help solve his worst problem. He feels that the middle-income group ought to be able to buy new houses and the government ought to help them. A good many people agree with him. A bill proposed by the National Housing Conference and recently introduced in Congress said in effect that if a builder who had a hundred houses for sale was willing to sell say ten of them to people who couldn't afford normal mortgage terms, the government would carry their interest over a period of years. Whether this is a good idea or too much a huge extension of public housing is academic now; the bill died in committee. For the present, the middle-income people are going to have to keep on living in their old houses, most of them in the fringe neighborhoods. Rafsky's immediate project is to stop the dwellings from deteriorating further. There are scores of such neighborhoods throughout the city, forming a rough band encircling the slums and separating them from the more prosperous neighborhoods.

The Morton Experiment

In Germantown, a big residential district of Philadelphia, there is a neighborhood called Morton. The City Planning Commission made a survey of its slightly more than a thousand homes and decided it was a deteriorating but salvageable community. Then the Philadelphia Department of Public Health, Division of Air Pollution Control and Environmental Sanitation, made a detailed house-to-house investigation of conditions and attitudes. The householders, the survey showed, were fifty-five per cent white, the rest Negro. Eighty-three per cent of the houses were single-family homes. More than half of the residents owned their own homes, and these were in better shape than the rented houses. All but a few structures, however, needed some major changes and repairs. But certain neighborhood conditions would have to be changed before the residents were likely to think it worth while to fix up their own homes. The district was literally in bad odor from adjacent slaughterhouses and from a dozen or so junkyards that had spawned on vacant lots. There was a serious neighborhood problem of bootlegging, both out of hours and to minors, centered around a seventy-year-old local czar who

had been arrested thirty-two times but never convicted. There was a resident landlord who lived in a beautifully kept house himself but let the dozen or so houses he rented to his neighbors go to ruin. There was dangerous and congested traffic on a couple of through streets. There were interracial tensions common to mixed neighborhoods.

Morton was picked by Rafsky as an experimental area because it already had an active settlement house with a dedicated staff who were eager to try to save the neighborhood from going totally to pot. The head of the settlement, Charles Liddell, like Rafsky a tirelessly optimistic man, set about creating an atmosphere of hope. At first just a few old women came to his meetings, but gradually they began to convince each other it might be a good investment to renovate their homes. Achieving this took two years of endless meetings. It also took two years of concentrated cooperative work by seven or more different city departments. The police finally got the goods on the bootlegger by sending a plain-clothes man disguised as a trash collector. The zoning board with the cooperation of the Board of Health ruled against the slaughterhouses and junkyards. The Department of Traffic Control converted the worst street into a one-way thoroughfare. The Commission on Human Relations sent workers out to meet with the neighbors and help them resolve their interracial conflicts. The Department of Licenses and Inspections finally assigned an inspector who went all out to see that backward landlords conformed with the regulations of the new housing code.

Yet if the community had not constantly pushed to get the job done, the attention of any one of these departments might at any time have been diverted elsewhere. Several other areas where Rafsky planned the same experiment made almost no progress simply because no local people took the responsibility of getting the job done.

The Racial Problem

So what does a co-ordinator do? At the rate conservation of the fringe areas is even planned for, it would be a good twenty-five years before enough was done to start eating away at the worst slums. Meanwhile they would have gotten twenty-five years worse. At the rate that conservation is actually taking place there is scarcely enough being done to stop this year's deterioration, let alone any of the recent years'. And each year some five thousand more families are moving into Philadelphia and have to find places to live.

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A problem that cuts across and intensifies all Rafsky's other problems is that of racial prejudice. A fifth of all the families in Philadelphia are Negro. Many would like to buy houses in substantial neighborhoods, but there are almost no opportunities for the Negroes to buy them. The householders and the real-estate men continue to feed each other's anxiety that a colored neighbor, no matter how well educated and attractive, will hurt real-estate values.

Many Negro families actually do buy houses in the fringe neighborhoods, and the panic of their white neighbors often makes the real-estate men still more critical. The city's Commission on Human Relations does what trouble shooting it can, but all its neighborhood work only adds up to nibbling at the edges. If Philadelphia is not to become in a few decades a city with an all-Negro core surrounded by all white suburbs, which would be equally unhealthy for both, Rafsky feels that some way will have to be found to make white householders accept Negro neighbors in all parts of the city.

A STATE LAW prohibiting discrimination in the sale or rental of houses would probably be the most helpful first step in this direction. Many real-estate men say they would actually welcome this, for it would take the burden of pioneering off their shoulders. Opponents point out that the New York State law hasn't worked very well, but the New York law has too many loopholes and too much red tape. A workable law is not only possible but, Rafsky feels, inevitable. There is a movement afoot in Philadelphia now for a city ordinance banning discrimination in the sale and rental of houses. The city council could almost certainly be persuaded to pass such a law, yet many thoughtful people find themselves in the paradoxical position of opposing it because without a statewide law such an ordinance would simply drive more of the upper-income families to the suburbs. There is some local sentiment for a state law, but out-of-town opposition makes its chances of passage pretty remote.

The size and endlessness of the problem is enough to make less tough and optimistic men take a long one-way walk, except that in each frustrating area a few brave individuals go ahead and prove that the frightening trends can be reversed.

Down by the River

Down toward the Delaware River many substantial citizens, ignoring the docks and wholesale food markets, are already buying up run-down houses with a view to living there as soon as the water front is cleared. Mayor Dilworth himself has done so. In the residential district toward the other river, where high-priced houses and slums have always snuggled back to back, a rash of small-time real-estate investors have bought up whole blocks of back-alley slums and turned them into high-priced small family dwellings. Philadelphians complain that these are too expensive, but all of them are occupied and enough blocks of slums have been cleared to improve the whole character of the neighborhood west of Rittenhouse Square. So in at least two places well-to-do householders are encroaching on the slums. When I asked several of the renovators if they had got government financing they laughed. "Too complicated," they said. "It's hard enough to persuade a bank to take a chance on you, but it can be done."

AS FOR persuading builders to build for open occupancy—an idea most of them still blanch at—at least one Philadelphia builder has done this on rather a large scale and made it work. Morris Milgram has built 150 imaginative modern houses in the last three years—one group of 130 selling for around $12,000, the rest priced at around $20,000. Everyone told Milgram he couldn't do it. Open occupancy was almost a religious conviction with him, and he was excessively candid from the start about his intention. This nearly ruined his chances of getting financing, but with the ultimate co-operation of a well-off Quaker builder, George Otto, Milgram has built his houses and sold them at a profit. An irony here is that people who tried to block him said there wouldn't be enough Negroes to buy his houses at $12,000, yet he quickly found the problem was how not to sell all of them to Negroes. Reluctantly he had to set quotas to keep the community an integrated one.

Actually, the future for Negro families that can afford houses in the $12,000 bracket is bright, if they can wait five or ten years. The 12,000-house Eastwick development near the airport will perforce be nondiscriminatory because the state law covering redevelopment property so stipulates, yet the community is unlikely to become all-Negro since there will probably not be that many Negro families waiting to snap up all the houses. Eastwick can become a big test of integrated living. Meanwhile, none of this is any help to the middle-income families, white or Negro. Until the government decides it must help them they are simply out of luck. But even here groups of individuals like those in the Morton area have proved that neighborhoods can help themselves if they want to and can get enough city backing.

Mr. Schultz's Surprise

As for the slums, one landlord here in town whom I shall call Joe Schultz has recently made an il-

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luminating discovery. Schultz owned a number of slum properties where he used to rent rooms for three dollars a week. Every week, spending practically nothing on improvements, he took the money to the bank and salted it away for his wife to live on after he was dead. Schultz seemed to live in perpetual contemplation of imminent death. When the new housing code was under discussion three years ago, Schultz was certain it spelled the end for him. With other slum landlords he went to hearings and protested the standards as futile and ruinous. But when the code passed anyway, Schultz assumed that the law meant what it said and that he would have to modernize or close up shop. The new code caused a big drop in the value of slum houses; Schultz couldn't have sold his properties for much, so he converted all his houses to two-room apartments with baths and kitchenettes. To his surprise, Schultz found that as soon as he got an apartment finished it was rented. He couldn't believe it. "You know," he said the other day, "I thought that housing code was going to ruin me, but it's worked out just fine. I used to get three dollars a week a room. Now I get forty dollars a month for two rooms. And you know something else about those houses of mine? Now they smell good."

RAFSKY is on the hunt for more Morris Milgrams and Joe Schultzes, but sees they aren't likely to emerge in any quantity unless financing becomes considerably easier than it is now. Not only must the government make it easier for middle-income people to buy houses, he feels; it must make it easier for them to renovate their houses. Open-end mortgages would help this—some provision, that is, for householders to increase their mortgages to cover improvements on the same terms as the original mortgage—but this is not legal in Pennsylvania now or in any but four states in the whole country. The government should also make money as available for landlords to renovate old houses as to build new ones.

These would be steps in the right direction, but even if they all happened soon they wouldn't do more than nibble at the problem our outmoded cities are up against. A development co-ordinator is a step in the right direction too, but one man can't co-ordinate thirty different boards, commissions, authorities, and departments into a sufficiently efficient plan to turn blight into progress. The trouble really is that our big cities haven't accepted the fact of their bigness and haven't stood off and looked at their problems as an interlocking whole. They have been quite understandably afraid to, but the time has come when they had better start being afraid not to.

Mr. Wheaton and Baltimore

At least one big city has recently faced the problem squarely. A study of Baltimore has just been made under the direction of William C. Wheaton, head of the Institute of Urban Studies and source of many of the facts and figures in this article. The Baltimore study advises conservation of fringe areas and the employment of extensive trained personnel to help make this happen. It advises code enforcement in slum areas not soon to be torn down, all the smaller things that Philadelphia is doing. But it plunges ahead—as Philadelphia is not doing—to say flatly that a city's blight can be changed to progress only with a total reorganization of all the separate boards, commissions, and authorities into one efficient city department not simply

co-ordinated but consolidated and working as a unit on a detailed plan that will cost Baltimore some $45 million a year for twenty years. Baltimore has accepted this plan and is already at work setting up the city machinery to effect it. To do the same job in Philadelphia, Wheaton says, would take nearer $100 million a year for the next twenty years, four or five times what it is spending each year now. But what is being spent now is not even holding the line, whereas spending four times as much—efficiently—would soon begin to produce a fine livable city for all income groups.

THE OBVIOUS question, where the money is going to come from, has some surprising answers. Redevelopment funds from Washington have to be matched by any city one for two, but Philadelphia is already spending enough each year on capital improvements—streets, sewers, parks, and schools—to more than match the sixty-odd million it would need each year. So it cannot simply say—as it tacitly seems to be doing—that Washington won't give it that sort of money. So far it hasn't even asked. Philadelphia's planning and redevelopment machinery has been so cumbersome that with all its tremendous need and imaginative plans it hasn't so much as got around yet to using all the thirty million dollars of Federal money it was granted eight years ago under the Housing Act of 1949. There isn't much question that Philadelphia needs to spend that hundred million a year for the next ten or twenty years, but it can't very well ask the Federal government for more until it learns how to spend it. It has to be able to say to Washington: "See what we've done with those redevelopment funds you gave us. Give us more and we'll do still better." If our big cities don't start learning from big business to think big and plan big and then put their thoughts and plans into effect in a big and efficient way, they will soon have lost the ball game.

LIKE IT or not, Philadelphia will have to look to Washington for redevelopment funds or it will just never redevelop at all. As to whether the Federal government has the money, you need only look at that little pie chart of the way our budget dollar is being sliced up for 1957-1958, with more than half of it going for defense and foreign aid. Of course our future depends on giving help to the Middle East, but it also depends on keeping habitable our big cities where more and more Americans are living every year.

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In Support of the U.N.

James P. Warburg's Answer

It is probably my fault that Mr. Ascoli did not wholly grasp what was intended to be the main point of my article in the February 7 *Reporter*, "Steps Toward a Middle Eastern Peace": that the U.N. cannot be expected to resolve the existing deadlock between Israel and Egypt, or between Egypt and the canal users, unless the able Secretary-General is given bargaining counters he does not now possess. This was the basis of my suggestions for U.S. action with respect to the Panama Canal and the channeling of economic aid to the Middle East through the U.N. My article did not, therefore, belong in the category of proposals which "define the goals of western policy and then entrust their attainment to that already overburdened and overcommitted organization—the U.N." On the contrary, I agree with Mr. Ascoli's attitude toward such abdication of responsibility.

On the other hand, I cannot agree with Mr. Ascoli that the U.N. should not be asked to perform certain administrative, as opposed to diplomatic, tasks—such as managing waterways and pipelines or acting as the central organ for the promotion of Middle East economic development. If the U.N. is not at present staffed and equipped for such tasks, then my answer would be that we must see to it that it is given the necessary managerial equipment, just as we must eventually give it the power and authority to enforce disarmament.

Nor do I agree that the U.N. cannot undertake such administrative functions because "Russia is in the U.N." This presupposes that Russia would object to U.N. control of waterways and pipelines, to channeling economic aid through the U.N., to an arms embargo, and to the eventual neutralization of the Middle East. Broadly speaking, these suggestions fall within the statement on the Middle East issued by the Soviet Foreign Ministry on April 17, 1956, and the Anglo-Soviet communiqué of April 26, 1956. Granted that the situation has deteriorated since then, I do not consider it out of the question that Russia might agree to some if not all of the proposals put forward. It could hardly reject them without clearly assuming a dog-in-the-manager attitude fatal to its prestige and influence.

Finally, while I am in complete agreement with Mr. Ascoli as to the urgent need of direct negotiations with the Soviet Union, I do not think such negotiations should in the first instance focus on the Middle East, where the West is at a disadvantage for the reasons stated in my article. They should, first of all, center upon arranging a carefully phased withdrawal of Soviet and western troops from central Europe, beginning with a withdrawal of western forces behind the Rhine and of Soviet forces behind the Oder and Neisse Rivers. This suggestion, made by the writer last December, has now been endorsed by a number of expert witnesses testifying before committees of Congress. If carried out, it would set the pattern for a similar negotiation leading to the neutralization of the Middle East, which Mr. Ascoli was among the very first to advocate.

Meanwhile, in attempting to prepare the ground for the negotiation of an eventual hands-off agreement between Russia and the West in the Middle East, it seems to me that Mr. Hammarskjöld might well say to us, as Winston Churchill once said: "Give us the tools, and we will finish the job."

It was toward this end that my article was directed.

Yes, But . . .

There is no need, I guess, to stress the fact that both Mr. Warburg and I thoroughly agree in considering the U.N. an essential factor in the building of a world order. Every agreement that can be worked out among nations is one more brick that goes to strengthen the U.N.'s structure at the point where it is weakest—at its foundation. American-Soviet co-operation is the cornerstone of the U.N.: That's why the structure is still shaky, and that's why some of the most important work is done, not in the ceremonial halls, but, so to speak, in the catacombs of the U.N.

Should the U.N. go into the canal and pipeline business, plus regional development of the Middle East, then the Russians would be not reluctant but overeager partners in running this business. I do not see how they can be expected to help us gain strength in the very spots where, at present, we are exposed and weak. The U.N. cannot possibly exert power and authority to settle the issues on which the major powers are deadlocked. But then I read that the U.N. must eventually be given "the power and authority to enforce disarmament"—and I cannot help gasping.

Actually it would be much better if our nation, rather than making the U.N. the repository of our indecision, reverted to the old habit of bypassing the official halls of the world organization. There is no substitute for direct, discreet negotiations, which can best be held in the dark catacombs of the U.N.

As to giving more tools to the Secretary-General, I wonder whether that truly admirable man hasn't been handed an alarming surfeit of tools. Moreover, the Churchill phrase is, of course, a piece of heroic Churchillian rhetoric. He made it on February 9, 1941, well before Soviet Russia and the United States, forced by enemy attack, joined up with Britain. The Grand Alliance—the co-operation between the two major western nations and Soviet Russia—did the job.

But here is where we came in.

—M.A.

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Vietnam: Trouble in North, In South, and in Future

DAVID HOTHAM

SAIGON

"All persons executed in the land reform as the result of wrong judgment will be rehabilitated.

"All ordinary landlords unjustly classed as reactionary, cruel, or mentally twisted landlords, and falsely accused of sabotaging the land reform, will have their innocence proclaimed.

"All persons, of whatever social class, who have been victims of false judgments in the land reform will be rehabilitated, restored to their honor and their political rights, and be provided with work."

These phrases are taken from a document entitled "Decisions Regarding the Redressing of Errors Committed in the Land Reform," issued on November 7, 1956, by the Council of Ministers of Communist North Vietnam.

Communist self-criticism is a familiar phenomenon by now. When Georgi Malenkov resigned, saying he had been a most incompetent Premier of the Soviet Union, there was something almost endearing about his action. But when the entire officialdom of a nation—every civil servant and party worker as well as many others who are neither officials nor party workers—indulges in the almost voluptuous orgy of self-castigation now in progress in North Vietnam, it verges on the lunatic. "We have committed grave errors," declared Ho Chi Minh last autumn. Now the faithful members of the party throughout the nation are echoing their master's voice: "We have committed grave errors . . . terrible mistakes . . . gross injustices. We are no longer worthy to be followers of Marx."

The Word from Moscow

De-Stalinization in the strict sense has never reached North Vietnam, where pictures of the defunct dictator still hang in all official places amid other luminaries of the Communist hierarchy, and his works are still prominent in the bookshops. But the spirit of last February's Twentieth Party Congress was brought to Vietnam by Anastas Mikoyan when he visited Hanoi in May. The present flurry of breast beating really got going in October following a portentous communiqué issued by the Central Executive Committee of the all-powerful Lao Dong (Workers') Party. "We have committed serious errors in our agrarian reform," it began. "The cadres struck without discernment in the struggle against the landlords, and overestimated both the area and productivity of their land. Agricultural workers and poor peasants were attacked, many middle peasants suffered harm, rich peasants were mistaken for landlords, and allowances were not always made for landlords who fought in the resistance against the French." The communiqué made painful reading, and for some comrades it had a painful outcome.

The principal scapegoat for the errors of the land reform was Truong Chinh, who may be considered the No. 4 man of the Vietminh régime, coming after Ho Chi Minh, Prime Minister Pham Van Dong, and quick-witted, humorous General Vo Nguyen Giap, the man who overwhelmed the gallant French garrison at Dienbienphu. "Comrade Truong Chinh," says the Lao Dong communiqué, "has his share of responsibility for the errors of the agrarian-reform policy. He has made his self-criticism before the Central Committee." It was only a partial liquidation; Truong Chinh, though deprived of the post of party secretary-general, retains a seat in the Vietminh Politburo. But the serious difficulties the régime is now facing are underscored by the fact that even this partial liquidation is the first major breach in the ruling clique since 1945. More interesting still, Truong Chinh was replaced as secretary-general by none other than Ho Chi Minh himself.

Truong Chinh, a strong supporter of closer links between North Vietnam and China, was appointed administrator of the land reform in 1953, at a moment when the support of the peasant masses in the war with France was flagging and something had to be done. Truong, a doctrinaire Marxist, had the brilliant idea of introducing class warfare into agrarian reform. He enunciated a very simple proposition: "Agrarian reform consists of the overthrow of the landowning class."

THIS went down well with the poverty-stricken peasants of Tonkin, embittered by many centuries of, by and large, well-justified grudges against their rural superiors. The error of the doctrine lay in the fact that the peasants were themselves landowners, and the poorer peasants needed no encouragement to denounce as a landlord anybody who owned a little more land than they did. The party cadres who had been sent to the countryside to apply the reform had instructions to find as many landlords as possible; some say they were ordered to discover sixteen landlords in every village. What began simply as a gigantic muddle soon degenerated, under the guidance of Truong Chinh, into a veritable blood bath. The terrible popular tribunals were set up in the villages, at which the landlords were judged by the "infallible" people. Judgment was usually followed by summary execution. Nobody knows how many died in this way. The policy was known by the sinister name of the "mobilization of the masses."

The Buck Passes Down

It is clear from the present trend of events in North Vietnam that gigantic errors were indeed made. The October communiqué put the responsibility on the party cadres, but they could hardly be blamed for their mistakes. When the policy began, the Vietminh authorities divided the entire rural population into a number of categories: traitor landlords, reactionary landlords, ordinary landlords, landlords who

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fought in the resistance, "other exploiting classes," rich peasants, middle peasants, poor peasants, and persons with no land at all. It was the job of the hapless party cadres to distinguish accurately among the classes. They had only the following directive to guide them: "Lean unreservedly on the poor peasants and laborers, unite closely with the middle peasants, come to an understanding with the rich peasants, and abolish the landlords."

In their bewilderment, the cadres would seem to have abolished some of the rich and middle peasants by mistake, and to have come to an understanding with practically nobody. Not daring to confess their confusion, they blundered on with heavy feet through the delicate social mechanism of rural Tonkin. "They struck without discernment," scolded the Lao Dong communiqué, adding that most of the errors of the cadres constituted "left deviationism."

Worse was to follow for the Vietminh. In November there was a violent uprising against the régime in the province of Nghe An, about 120 miles south of Hanoi—traditionally a hotbed of revolutionaries and the birthplace of Ho Chi Minh. Unfortunately there is still no reliable firsthand evidence about this event, though it seems clear that the predominantly Catholic population of the area rose in armed protest against the failure of the Vietminh to fulfill a promise of free movement to South Vietnam. There is no doubt that there was serious fighting. According to a party of nineteen refugees who reached South Vietnam from the affected area, 5,000 to 6,000 Vietminh troops armed with guns and bayonets were used against rebels carrying only sticks and stones. But the testimony of these refugees, who were closely "mothered" by the South Vietnam authorities for twelve days before the press was permitted to see them, cannot be entirely relied on. One is left in doubt whether it was a local riot or something much more serious.

All This and Hunger Too

It seems, in any case, that the pattern of events in North Vietnam is much the same as that in other Communist satellites—discontent among the population, mainly for economic causes, forcing the authorities to relax an oppressive régime, with relaxation followed by violent outburst. But there are special features in the situation of Vietnam ascribable to its partition into two zones. An important part of the trouble of the Vietminh can be summed up in the words "July, 1956." This was the date prescribed by the final declaration of the Geneva Agreement for the holding of elections to unite this divided country. The elections did not take place because the Diem government in South Vietnam would not hold or even discuss them, on the grounds that free elections in the Communist north could never be held. The abandonment of the elections was a serious setback for the Vietminh.

Tonkin has suffered from time immemorial from recurrent famine and endemic poverty. In past times, when the country was united, the north habitually imported rice from the more abundant south. Restricted to its poverty-stricken zone north of the 17th parallel, the Vietminh has suffered severely since Geneva even while receiving Soviet and Chinese aid. Still, it could hold the hard-pressed population on a tight rein so long as the prospect of unification seemed to be just around the corner.

But as it became increasingly clear in 1956 that the Geneva elections were a mirage, rumblings of discontent founded on real hardship increased among the northern masses. On top of the muddle and injustice of the land reform, the uncongenial Marxist doctrine, the police controls and political meetings, the enforced morality, and the iron discipline imposed by the régime, the long-promised unity was still no nearer. A bleak desert stretched unendingly before the groaning millions.

Divided in Misery

Though the failure of the July elections has weakened the Communist régime of the north and strengthened Diem in the south, the Vietminh still holds strong cards in the general struggle, which continues unabated, for the mastery of this divided country. North Vietnam, though desperately poor, has a certain economic independence that South Vietnam cannot match. The north proclaims that it stands, and has always stood, for the territorial reunification of the country. For the uncommitted nationalists in both zones, wavering between Ho and Diem, economic independence and unification are vital considerations.

In both zones—truncated halves of a country ravaged by years of war and occupation—the economic situation is desperate. Conditions in the north are appalling by any western standard—very low wages, almost no holidays for the industrial workers, rigid direction of labor, the constant danger of famine. The north, though poorer than the south, receives less foreign aid—about $300 million from China and $100 million from Russia over five years, as opposed to more than $300 million a year for the south from the United States. The northern aid is mostly in the form of capital goods and technical advice. But in spite of its low standard of living, or rather because of it, the north claims one important economic advantage: a favorable balance of trade and a balanced budget, neither of which the south can approach. If this claim is valid, it means that the north is closer to being able to live within its own means.

The south has a spurious prosperity. The elegant shops of Saigon are full of luxuries, and limousines of western make purr through its boulevards. In the crowded streets of the southern capital a multitude of scooters and motor bikes thrive on the gasoline brought in under the American aid program. This wealthy façade conceals the fact that four-fifths of the foreign trade of South Vietnam and two-thirds of its budget are directly financed by foreign aid, the removal of which would spell immediate disaster. There are a hundred thousand unemployed in the south, it is estimated, with no industries to absorb them. Rice exports, which before the Indo-China war amounted to more than a million tons a year, are almost nil today, and rubber exports are troubled by a fluctuating market. In addition there is the

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grave and peculiar problem that most of the vital rice trade and other important sectors of the southern economy are in the hands of the Chinese.

Freedom to Move

The division of their country leaves a sense of deep frustration in the minds of the Vietnamese. It is sometimes forgotten in the West that this country is not simply a geographical expression divided into Communist and non-Communist zones. Vietnam as a whole emerged two years ago from an eight-year war against France; and nationalism, rather than anti-Communism, is its motive power. "After years of struggle we are still not really independent," many Vietnamese say. "If only our country were reunited, it could be one of the leading countries of Southeast Asia, with its population of twenty-five million. It would have a chance of being independent, like Yugoslavia, of both blocs. Instead of which we are in the grasp of the rival powers, and completely dependent on their policies, in which we often have little interest."

The political and economic sides of unification are not the only ones. There is also a sad personal side. A few days ago my Vietnamese tailor came to me with tears in his eyes and asked me whether there was anything I could do to get his two daughters down from the north. He had not seen them for more than two years. His is one of innumerable families that are divided by the exigencies of world politics. The 17th parallel divides families and friends, and prevents people from visiting vast areas of their own homeland.

WHAT depresses the Vietnamese most is that the West has no plan for reunification and the only hope for it, which was the Geneva Agreement, seems now to have been abandoned. The South Vietnamese people are nationalists first and anti-Communists second. They want American aid, and are grateful for it, but they also want independence —economic as well as political. Above all, they want to be able to move freely from one part of their country to another.

Syria: The Order Of the Ba'ath

RAY ALAN

SYRIANS watched Washington's policymaking mountain laboring to bring forth its mouse with keener interest than most other Middle Eastern peoples. The Eisenhower Doctrine might well be too nebulous to affect such earthy matters as Suez, the future of Middle Eastern oil installations, and Arab-Israeli coexistence; but since its proclaimed purpose was to discourage the expansion of international Communism it was expected to have some kind of relevance to the situation in Syria. What would happen if Syrian Communist Party chief Khaled Bakdash, now one of the most influential men in the country, should achieve his declared aim of establishing "first a Popular Front, then a People's Democracy?" How would the United States react to an armed clash between a pro-Soviet Syria and Israel or Iraq? Would it really be indifferent to the fusion of Syria and Jordan, and the consequent establishment of Soviet arms and political influence athwart the American-owned TAPline and at the head of the Red Sea?

As the impression took hold that Washington was more interested in evading such questions than in answering them, the somewhat apprehensive hostility with which Syrian political circles had greeted the Doctrine's advance publicity faded into mere contempt. Fellow-traveling members of the Syrian "socialist" hierarchy laughed approvingly when Syrian Foreign Minister Salah Bitar told them in the course of a policy discussion: "I have informed the Americans that Syria will be willing to adopt an attitude sympathetic to their anti-Communist aspirations when they take the necessary steps to satisfy our national aspirations."

Syria's main concern in the last few years has been more to avoid annexation by Iraq than to strike out in pursuit of ambitions of its own. But Syrian self-confidence has recently been boosted by Soviet assurances of what Damascus officials call "positive support" as well as by American warnings to Turkey and Iraq against interference in Syrian affairs. And on the tongues of Foreign Minister Bitar and Syrians of his persuasion, the phrase "national aspirations" is a euphemism for the regional aspirations of Hesb el-Ba'ath —the Socialist Resurrectionist Party, which dominates the Syrian political scene. It is also becoming influential in Jordan (Jordanian Foreign Minister Abdullah Rimawi is a Ba'ath stalwart), and is building up clandestine contacts inside Iraq with a view to replacing Premier Nuri es-Saïd by an anti-western National Front. The Ba'ath is the only organized doctrinaire party of any significance in the Arab Middle East. Far more than President Nasser's bogus "Liberation Movement," it is the ideological pacemaker of politically conscious Arabs throughout the Levant. Unfortunately, its own pace is being set with increasing frequency by the Communists.

Aleppo and Damascus

The end of the French mandate over Syria in 1944 left effective power in the grip of an alliance of near-feudal landowners and mercantile interests whose political instrument was the National Bloc. Its only competitor was the People's Party, which represented somewhat fewer landlords and rather more merchants as well as the owners of Syria's few industries. All either group had to offer was nationalistic slogans carried over from their agitation against the French and a degree of corruption and nepotism surpassed only in neighboring Lebanon.

The stronghold of the People's Party was Aleppo in northern Syria, which is more populous and commercially more important than the capital, Damascus. No two cities could be more dissimilar or more

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jealous of one another. Damascus is a lush, easygoing oasis town, built over rippling streams and fountains, its streets and bazaars architecturally undistinguished. Its people are mercurial, passionately dedicated to the fad of the hour and no less ardently attracted to whatever displaces it. Aleppo is arid, dusty, austere, built of a superb honey-colored stone more beautiful even than that of Jerusalem, and dominated by the dramatic citadel erected by the son of Saladin. Its miles of vaulted bazaars are redolent of *The Thousand and One Nights;* its people are variegated—Anatolian, Kurdish, and Armenian as much as Arab—and neither so fickle nor so thriftless as the Damascenes.

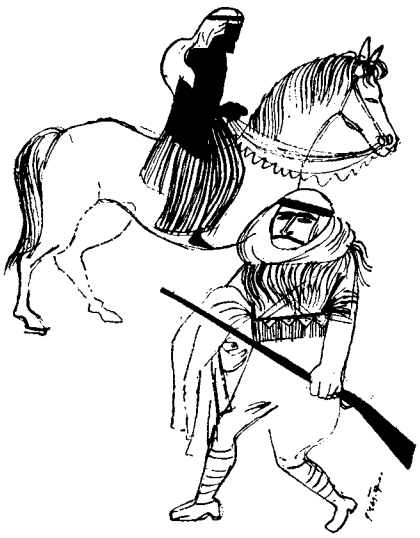
For centuries Aleppo was the major commercial link between the Mediterranean at Alexandretta (Iskenderun) and Mesopotamia and points east. But in an independent Syria the city found itself cut off from both its Mediterranean outlet (Alexandretta was annexed by the Turks in 1939) and its Mesopotamian hinterland, now the Kingdom of Iraq. Its economy slumped, and even while Damascus was celebrating the evacuation of British and French troops, voices could be heard in Aleppo advocating a variety of panaceas, some of them secessionist. A plan for a customs union with Iraq gained most support, especially in the People's Party; and soon the idea of political union, too, was being canvassed.

Some Early Coups

Colonel Husni es-Zaim's *coup d'état* of March, 1949, swept the National Bloc from office and brought onto the political scene the rising reform-minded urban middle class, from which the bulk of the young Syrian Army's officers and noncoms had been recruited. The enthusiasm the revolt evoked took even Zaim by surprise; after introducing a few minor reforms he was clearly at a loss to know how to capitalize on it. In August, 1949, he was overthrown and killed by a counter-coup, but three months later the pendulum swung back in favor of reform with the first Shishekly coup.

Middle-class intellectuals and army officers now began to search for a political philosopher's stone. It was not sufficient, they realized, merely to acquire power: It was essential to know what to do with it.

Demand created supply, and a whole bazaar of small fascist and Communist groups was soon peddling political blueprints. Most called themselves "socialist," but only two—Akram Haurani's Arab Socialist Party, and a coterie of intellectuals headed by Michel Aflaq—went into business with anything resembling western ideals. The remainder used the "socialist" in the Hitlerian "National Socialist" sense. This was to some extent the fault of the British Labour government of 1945-1950, whose officials not only supported the corrupt oligarchies in every Arab state but had actually



approved the suppression of nascent reformist movements in Egypt, Iraq, and Jordan. Consequently democratic socialism was discredited, and the western-educated intellectuals who had once advocated it were, from 1950 on, the West's most vituperative critics.

The Rise of Serraj

Yet another coup, the fifth in five years, exiled Shishekly in February, 1954, and made possible Syria's first genuinely free election. Haurani and Aflaq merged their groups, exchanged socialism for demagogy, and launched the present Socialist Resurrectionist Party, which reached a working arrangement with the Communists and campaigned with strong military backing. Sixteen "socialist" Deputies were elected. Only one Communist was returned—party chief Bakdash—but five or six pro-Soviet independents and one Islamic "back-to-the-Koran" candidate were elected with Communist support.

Since then the Ba'ath "socialists" and their Communist allies have made continuous headway. A number of independent Deputies and members of smaller groups lost no time in gravitating toward them. Then the politically convenient murder of a popular officer, Lieutenant Colonel Adnan Malki, brother of one of Haurani's associates, afforded a pretext for the discovery of an "American-instigated" plot. In the last few weeks a clumsy Iraqi effort to embarrass the Syrian government by smuggling arms into the Jebel Druse has enabled the head of the Syrian Intelligence Service, Lieutenant Colonel Abdel Hamid Serraj, to uncover an even more spectacular plot involving a whole waxworks museum of horrors—the British military attaché, the British Foreign Office's Arabic-language broadcasting station, Nuri es-Saïd, Glubb Pasha, and the Israeli Army—together with Colonel Shishekly and forty-six other Syrian politicians and officers known to lack enthusiasm for the Hesb el-Ba'ath. They are now on trial.

In the short run, at least, Colonel Serraj has proved a valuable asset to the Ba'ath. He controls not only the countrywide network of agents and informers built up by Shishekly but also a substantial secret budget fixed in Shishekly's day at $7 million a year. All military appointments and promotions are subject to his veto, with the result that "socialist" sympathies have become a prerequisite of advancement. Serraj's influence—and that of the Ba'ath—is further strengthened by a leftist, anti-western indoctrination of officers and men.

Many Syrians, in the privacy of their homes, voice the suspicion that Serraj is using the Ba'ath for his personal ends. He is a brisk, bright-eyed young man of about thirty-four with a pleasant, open face and a quick mind, but only a superficial acquaintance with political and economic theory. Nevertheless, as a friend of Khaled Bakdash he is believed to have inspired the decision to purchase Soviet arms. Serraj has risen fast. Less than a year ago he

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was a captain. He denies, with a display of surprised amusement, that he has any political ambitions, but Shishekly used to make the same disclaimer and did in fact allow the politicians more or less free rein for two years until events and their incompetence "forced" him to take over. Is Serraj's strategy the same?

An Old Song

The Hesb el-Ba'ath still promises a modicum of land reform and state planning, but its spokesmen concentrate primarily on foreign affairs, a more fertile field for heroics. They advocate, of course, the destruction of Israel and the liquidation of the Baghdad Pact, the Hashemite régime in Iraq, and all British colonial enclaves and protectorates in the region. They demand the return of Alexandretta from Turkey; and they urge the creation of some kind of federation of Syria, Jordan, Iraq, and ultimately Palestine, in which oil installations, banks, and other foreign enterprises would be taken over by the government.

It was hoped, a Ba'ath leader told me, that Egypt too would join such a federation, though on the same footing as other states. (It was wrong to suppose that Syrian "socialists" were merely Egyptian agents or would accept Egyptian domination.) As for Lebanon, he thought the present "unrepresentative western clique" there would take to their heels the moment such a federation began to crystallize; the Lebanese people would then automatically come in, though if they wished to stay out there would be no coercion or interference in Lebanon's internal affairs. This assurance accounted oddly with recent incursions into Lebanon by Syrian Army "commandos" for the purpose of sabotaging oil installations and kidnaping Syrian political refugees.

I asked next what the Ba'ath movement proposed to do about the Saudi royal family. Was there no room for Saudi Arabia in the coming Arab federation?

One must be realistic, I was told. Political evolution in Saudi Arabia was a generation behind that in Syria and Egypt. The Saudis would undoubtedly pass away in their turn as Arabia evolved, but nothing could be gained by forcing matters. Aramco too could remain undisturbed so long as Saudi rule survived. To nationalize it under the Saudis would be meaningless. This led us to the question of America's attitude toward Arab "socialist" plans to redraw the map of the Middle East. Why, my informant asked, should America not help us? "Eisenhower is already dissociating himself as demonstratively as possible from Israel and Britain. Why not go all the way? In return for genuine American support the Arabs would certainly be willing to take the view that Aramco and Dhahran should be considered a strictly Saudi-American affair. What's the alternative? Ten more years or so of agitation, crisis, and pipeline sabotage, with the Arabs turning more and more toward Russia for support . . ."

It was an old song. I remembered the 1943 and 1946-1947 versions, when Britain was playing the male lead. "Help us get the French out and there will be an eternal bond between us." Then: "Help us drive the Jews into the sea and we'll overlook the Canal Zone and Aden." There was always one more task to perform.

Some Well-laid Plans

The conviction of the principal defendants in the present Damascus treason trial (a foregone conclusion) is expected by competent Syrian observers to throw the country further left. The Ba'ath, its chief adversaries scattered, will almost certainly celebrate the occasion by demanding a bigger share of the portfolios in the present coalition Cabinet. (It already holds the key ones, Foreign Affairs and National Economy, with a close ally, the independent Khaled el-Azm, in charge of defense.) As soon as possible it will demand a general election, in which it can expect to double its parliamentary representation.

The outcome would then, in all likelihood, be some form of Popular Front with Communist participation. Premier Sabri el-Assali—pro-Egyptian and bitterly anti-Iraqi and anti-British, but no "socialist"—would retire to the house he already has waiting for him in Lebanon. President Shukry al-Kuwatly, an old National Bloc man, would be persuaded to stand down in favor of Khaled el-Azm.

Khaled el-Azm, an old-school professional politician himself and a former director of the French-controlled Banque de Syrie, is an odd character to find in fellow-traveling company. But he is a personal friend of Akram Haurani's, has for years been consumed by an ardent ambition to be President, and has harbored a desire to get even with Shukry al-Kuwatly ever since September, 1954, when political associates of the latter hired a terrorist to throw a bomb at him.

But for all the Ba'ath's optimism, power could slip through its fingers even now. Syria's economic plight is severe. The army's sabotage of the pipeline deprived it of approximately a third of its revenue—and the government's "austerity" measures, in particular the raising of customs duties, have provoked wide protest. There is unrest in the Jebel Druse, where Colonel—then Lieutenant—Serraj is remembered for his part in Shishekly's brutal repression of the Druse minority just three years ago. Separatism is again being advocated in Aleppo.

THE ONLY good-humored Syrian comment I have heard or read to date on the recent trend of American policy toward the Middle East came from a People's Party leader, who said: "If the Americans really take on the job of sorting out the Middle East they will deserve everyone's sympathy. Even God Himself had difficulties with the region. Was it not the Middle East that drove Moses to despair, crucified Christ, and forced Mohammed to flee? Poor Mr. Dulles!"

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Eric Hoffer: Epigrammatist On the Waterfront

EUGENE BURDICK

ONE of the hungry millions of America in the 1930's was a man with big spatulate hands whose name was Eric Hoffer. He had just come from New York to Los Angeles and in the depths of the depression was wandering through Skid Row and slowly starving.

"When I left the family home in New York I was so innocent that I quite literally had never thought about the problem of earning food," Hoffer told me. "Then suddenly I was broke and hungry. After a day of hunger the world seemed much different. It seemed that all of life was a desperate enterprise by which people won food. I felt threatened, haunted, besieged. In the grip of such fear the imagination becomes dwarfed. One cannot think of even the most simple step."

After several days of hunger he was becoming lightheaded. He walked by a pet shop. Two pigeons were in the window. He watched them idly at first. Then he became aware that there was a pattern to their mincing and fluttering. He saw that the intricate, elaborate, and beautiful pattern was a form of lovemaking. When it ended Hoffer realized suddenly that for the first time in days he did not feel a pang of hunger. He had forgotten it totally.

"I realized very sharply that hunger was not a fearful or fundamental thing," he said. "It could disappear while I was merely watching the courtship of two pigeons. Hunger was something to be avoided, but it was not one of the great things."

He walked away from the pet shop and went into a restaurant and asked for a job washing dishes as if he had known all along that this was the most ancient and surest way of getting fed. He was hired. He washed mountains of dishes, ate enormously, and never worried about food again.

Today Hoffer is a big barrel-chested man. His head is bald except for a dense white fringe of hair that circles his pate. It is impossible to describe him without suggesting a tonsured friar. But this is inaccurate, for Hoffer has a poised eagerness, a freshness, a ferocious curiosity that is curiously incompatible with deeply held faith. Although he now works at the relatively luxurious job of longshoreman on the San Francisco waterfront, his hands show the nicks and calluses of a lifetime of manual labor. One of his thumbs was ripped by a cargo hook several years ago and new skin was grafted on. The grafted skin is hairy and the thumb has a furred, swollen look.

Since the hungry days in Los Angeles Hoffer has become the author of two widely respected books in political theory, *The True Believer* and *The Passionate State of Mind*.

A Rage of Self-Doubt

The subtitle of *The True Believer* is *Thoughts on the Nature of Mass Movements*, and this is precisely what the book is about. It opens with two acid quotations which, with remarkable economy, catch its spirit. The first of these is from Pascal's *Pensées*: "Man would fain be great and sees that he is little . . ." The second is from Genesis II: "And slime had they for mortar."

Hoffer believes that the bulk of us have, at the secret core of our mind, a desire for greatness and immortality and significance. This private expectation is wildly out of congruence with the public reality of ourselves. The forces of insignificance, irrelevance, and smallness assault us brutally, until in the end we see the awful reality of our helplessness. For the majority of us there is a pang of frustration so sharp that we twist away from the dread fact and attempt to bury it under whatever social and personal inventions our imaginations can provide. Most individuals turn to hope in the future—and in the process become "true believers." The nature of hope is such that "hatred often speaks the language of hope."

This twisting away, this spasm of avoidance, is not only the germ of all totalitarian movements; it is also the starting point of much that we admire and respect. The man who is pursued, driven, and harassed by a sense of inadequacy can do valuable, interesting, and significant things. Patriotism, great religious movements, philanthropy, individual and social inventiveness are the work of true believers as surely as Communism and fascism are. Good is advanced by zealots and ideologists as surely as is evil. What is critical is to recognize that the orginal motivation is identical in both cases. In both a rage growing out of self-doubt is the beginning.

Pursuers and Pursued

Both the promise and menace of passion in politics are caught in the first of the nearly three hundred aphorisms that make up *The Passionate State of Mind:*

"There is in most passions a shrinking away from ourselves. The passionate pursuer has all the earmarks of a fugitive.

"Passions usually have their roots in that which is blemished, crippled, incomplete and insecure within us. The passionate attitude is less a re-

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sponse to stimuli from without than an emanation of an inner dissatisfaction."

Social movements, Hoffer argues, are the organization of individual frustrations into a collective vision which is efficient, grand, and relevant. The key to any such movement, the absolute first step, is the creation of hope—being personally hopeless, the individual must find hope in the movement. "It matters not whether it be hope of a heavenly kingdom, of heaven on earth, of plunder and untold riches, of fabulous achievement or world dominion." Once the gnawing of personal insufficiency has been felt, almost anyone can become a true believer, and ". . . it does not seem to make any difference who it is that is seized with a wild hope—whether it be an enthusiastic intellectual, a land-hungry farmer, a get-rich-quick speculator, a sober merchant or industrialist, a plain workingman or a noble lord . . . they all proceed recklessly with the present, wreck it if necessary, and create a new world. There can thus be revolutions by the privileged as well as by the underprivileged."

TWO TYPES of persons are not apt to become true believers: conservatives and persons with high self-esteem. Conservatives, Hoffer believes, are of two sorts. "The abjectly poor [who]. . . stand in awe of the world around them are not hospitable to change." Along with "invalids and people past middle-age . . . the abjectly poor also are without faith in the future. The future seems to them a booby trap buried on the road ahead. One must step gingerly. To change things is to ask for trouble." The second type of conservative is, of course, the person who fears change because he cannot imagine a future in which he would be better situated. "There is thus a conservatism of the destitute as profound as the conservatism of the privileged . . ."

People with true self-esteem are rare. These are the people who through the possession of some craft or talent or circumstance of background feel that their personal aspirations and the reality of their lives are in close balance. Such people move with assurance and skill, but usually on minor levels of importance. They lack the messianic zeal that will drive them to lead an artistic or political or social or economic revolution.

'His Brother's Jail-Keeper'

All this makes for uneasy reading. It is unnerving to think that the glint in the eye of a liberal reformer might harden into the glaring certitude of a Lenin or Hitler. We are disturbed to think that selflessness is often a mask that justifies ruthlessness and that the person who publicly proclaims that he wishes to be his brother's keeper "will end up by being his jail-keeper." We shy from the idea that our impulse to mold and save and change, which we consider to be our noblest passions, may really spring from a dry rot of rage against others. And yet we have the slight gnawing sensation that something about this is true.

What Hoffer is suggesting is that the thirst for action really grows from a realization of the aridity of our own lives and capabilities, and that once we are committed to the road of action, ideals are left behind even if one is an intellectual, and compassion is left behind even if every action is lacquered over with pious statements to the contrary. The person who wishes to change others has an enormous capacity for destruction, and "Usually, such people are without the capacity to originate ideas. Their special talent lies rather in the deintellectualization of ideas—the turning of ideas into slogans and battle cries which beget action."

AT THE same time, Hoffer feels that the perfectly balanced society and the perfectly balanced individual might be very dull. "There is always a chance that the perfect society might be a stagnant society," he writes. In such a situation a "mighty mass upheaval," even though it involves waste and tragedy, might be necessary and useful.

The innovator, the zealot, the radical, the militant, the do-gooder, the eccentric, the daring are often valuable to a society even if they supply nothing more than an irritant to its giant passivity. For Hoffer the problem in all mass movements is to keep the "active phase" short and definitive. After brief spasms of revolt, movements such as the Reformation and the French and American Revolutions produced long epochs of individual liberty. Christianity, which involved "no clear-cut act of defiance" and which had no tyrant against which to tense itself, quietly ushered in fifteen hundred years of authoritarian rule.

Paradox of Noncommitment

Much of what Hoffer says is stark, pessimistic, and spare. Little of it is new. What has given the books impact and audience is the fact that Hoffer has pursued his postulates with a logic so cold and relentless that he emerges with conclusions that, in some subtle way, seem an outrage to the manners of scholarship and academic discourse. This is not to say that he is a logic picker or that he is bitterly defiant, for he is not. One reviewer put it to me that "One feels stuffy and pompous in reading Hoffer. It is as if one were facing a precocity that is truthful and accurate, but somehow irritating. One doesn't know how to respond to it. Somehow I also resent his lack of commitment."

It is, of course, this very "lack of commitment" that has given the two books a paradoxical appeal. Hoffer makes no recommendations, he invites no one to form a new movement, he is completely unideological. At the same time all kinds of ideologists find his statements useful for belaboring their opposition. In his two books liberals have found a biting indictment of the conservative mentality while conservatives have felt well armed by his statements. Each, of course, reads selectively.

It is possible, for example, for modern conservatives to feel that Hoffer's pessimistic view of human nature is correct, and some of his lines would make exquisite quotations to flesh out a speech by an outgoing president of the N.A.M. or, indeed, anyone who wished to lambaste contemporary socialism. The conservative would also be nourished by Hoffer's view that "Great evils befall the world when the powerful begin to copy the weak." And he would applaud the notion that from the drive and action of the

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strong the whole society benefits, and that the arrogance of certitude is a small price to pay for the benefits.

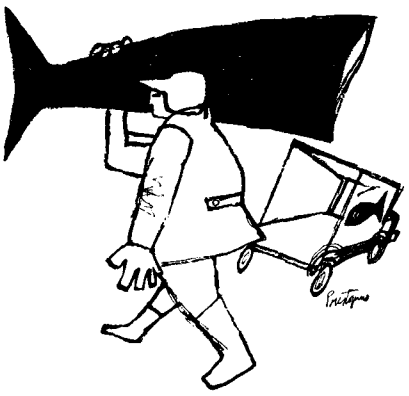
At the same time, our conservative would be disturbed by Hoffer's view that antagonism between worker and executive is natural and necessary. Indeed, Hoffer has argued that a management so generous and paternalistic that it does not afford a good focus for worker antagonism is dull and frustrating to the worker. It is inevitable, he maintains, that the worker will distrust and dislike management. Jobs in which there is a brawling, lively, active competition between management and worker tend to be healthy and productive. That workers will give their employer good work and skill, but deny him gratitude, is a fact too granite-hard for most businessmen to like.

Indeed, in many ways Hoffer sets a standard of performance for leaders and the strong which is too rigorous and austere for even the most firm believer in leadership and decision. For Hoffer asks that the leader be firm in his convictions, relentless in the pursuit of his aims, unmoved by sentimental appeal from the weaker, and able to derive joy from the process. Since Herbert Spencer there have been few who can embrace so relentless a conservatism.

A Freedom from the Future

Most commentators on Hoffer's writing have remarked on its austerity and dignity. Everything has the hard polish of impersonality about it: The word "I" does not appear once in either of his books. The simple fact is, however, that almost all Hoffer's epigrams and basic thoughts flow from personal experience.

When he was eight he became blind and remained so until he was sixteen. During this time he was cared for by a German housekeeper named Martha. (Hoffer's mother died when he was ten.) Martha had often consoled him with the advice, "Don't worry, Eric. You come from a short-lived family. You will die before you are forty. Your troubles will not last long." When he recovered his eyesight he possessed a terrible avidity, amounting to a raw intellectual thirst. The sure belief that he had only a short time to live added to the sense of urgency. The future, which for most men is ominous and restrictive, held little fear for Hoffer—largely because he thought it would be brief. Even today, when he is well past fifty, he feels that Martha's advice gave him



a curious kind of freedom and a willingness to think in other terms than the future.

The Alchemy of Need

When he left New York at eighteen Hoffer had only four objectives clearly in mind: He wanted to leave New York, he wanted to work outdoors, he did not want to be dependent on a boss, and he wished to remain poor.

His theory on the importance of hope in social movements grew out of an incident in Los Angeles during the 1930's. He had decided to leave Los Angeles and seek work in the agricultural valleys of California. He went out to Highway 101 and began to hitchhike.

"The first person that picked me up was a naturalized German who ran a candy business and was prosperous," Hoffer told me. "He discovered I was German and began to talk on the glories of American life, speaking in German. He talked about the great hope that America had in the future. I made a joking reply and he turned to me in great shock.

" 'You, a German, to say that,' the candy manufacturer said. 'Don't you remember what Goethe said: "Without hope for the future there is no life." ' "

Hoffer had read only a bit of Goethe, but the quotation seemed out of character, lacking in fidelity. As soon as they came to the next town he got out of the car and went at once to the public library and checked out all its books on Goethe. He finally found the phrase.

"What Goethe had said was this: 'Without *courage* there is no life,' " Hoffer told me. "I was stunned that the German would remember 'hope' instead of 'courage,' and it seemed to mean something."

Because the candy man lacked courage he had come to believe in hope. Inevitably his memory had been distorted to serve his private need. Over the years, Hoffer came to see that our deep internal needs could work a strange alchemy over reality. Nothing was exempt from the process by which the external world was changed into something palatable.

A Perfect Society of Discards

The work in the fields was hard, but Hoffer enjoyed it. He began an orderly study of the men about him and was astonished at how many had an obvious mutilation: a finger missing, a limb amputated, an eye gone, a torn face, a cauliflower ear.

"There were almost no able-bodied men among the fifty men in the barracks," he said. "It slowly occurred to me that we were a junkyard of society; a sort of repository of defective, maimed individuals. At the same time there was very little self-pity or contempt or discontent in this society of discards. Taken as a group we constituted an almost perfect little society. Between ourselves we could do anything. When the barracks windows blew out we could produce a man who roughed in the frame, another who could glaze a window, and another who would serve as our advocate in seeking materials from the owner. There was even a uniform kind of justice among us. Whenever there was a problem that was leading to violence someone would yell, 'Bring us a man who has gone to grammar school!' And the grammar-school graduate would be judge and be accepted as judge. Even now, much later, when I have read many books on law and seen many of the processes of formal justice, I am impressed by how shrewd and even was the justice meted out by our grammar-school judges."

Hoffer came to realize how the little society of farm workers was distinctive: There were no true be-

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lievers among them. None of them were tense with hope for the future, none were fired by zeal, none wished to lead his fellows to some glorious vision. They possessed all the prerequisites for being pioneers except one: They lacked hope.

The little rounded society of discards was stable, undynamic, highly tolerant of eccentricity. But lacking hope in the future, these men also lacked zeal; lacking zeal they could not become fanatics; lacking fanaticism they tolerated one another. The bond of their society was whatever craftsmanship they shared. Nothing went beyond that.

The Value of Malice

Even Hoffer's most paradoxical ideas are linked to some personal experience. For example, he argues that malice is an essential ingredient in true compassion. Much of this stems from an accident he witnessed on the waterfront. His gang was in the process of unhooking a sling full of steel rails onto a "four-wheeler" which would haul them to a warehouse. The four-wheeler tipped, and with a quiet clicking deadly sound the rails rolled over the foot of one of the longshoremen.

Hoffer was standing on the dock when he heard the longshoreman scream in pain. He looked up the side of the ship and into the faces of the gang on the ship.

"When they heard the scream an identical flame went across every face," Hoffer says. "On each face it was the same . . . an expression halfway between delight and anguish. And there was something of relief and of pleasure. I knew this because my face mirrored the same sensations."

At once the expression was replaced by a common look of sympathy, and expertly the longshoremen leaped to the rescue of their companion. Tenderly they lifted the rails from his foot and cared for him until the ambulance arrived. Hoffer, however, continued to puzzle over the meaning of the odd shared sensation.

"Then I realized it was malice . . . pleasure at someone else's discomfort or tragedy. Later I knew that when we see someone else suffer we feel it is a reprieve to ourself. It is a slight tiny gain in the awful statistics of maiming, injury, pain and suffering." Hoffer believes, however, that malice is valuable. For if each of us were to suffer vicariously for injuries

inflicted on others we would become intolerably burdened, like sponges which soak up the tragedies of others. Perhaps the usefulness of malice is that it allows us to exist in a world of suffering without being utterly bowed and broken in the process.

Montaigne in the Fruit Fields

Despite Hoffer's pessimism there is a great deal of optimism in his view of individual capacity for growth. He feels, for example, that with only the slightest effort he was able to make a large number of migratory farm workers appreciate Montaigne. Hoffer once spent a year panning for gold in the Sierras. During the winter, when he was snowed in, he read again and again a copy of Montaigne's *Essays*. He had bought the book in San Francisco simply because it was large and looked interesting. By spring, however, he had read it through six times and came out of the spring thaw and down into the agricultural valleys a firm apostle of Montaigne.

"At once it seemed that every situation I met had already been illuminated by Montaigne," Hoffer says. "Working the fields he was relevant a half-dozen times a day. For although men working down rows of crops seem like mute ants when you view them from the highway, actually arguments rage up and down the rows . . . and Montaigne settled most of the arguments. Was cannibalism permissible? Montaigne had an answer. Is cooking an art or a science? Montaigne had an answer. Are crippled women more sexually desirable than others? Montaigne had an answer."

The men listened carefully to what Montaigne had written on these matters, and usually they accepted his judgment. Soon men were coming to Hoffer and asking Montaigne's view on a vast range of problems.

"By the end of the bean season there wasn't a man in the valley that couldn't quote Montaigne," Hoffer remembers. "I'll bet there are men who are still quoting Montaigne in the valleys of California."

HOFFER'S attitude toward modern industrial America is one of diluted admiration. He believes that no people have developed so positive and zestful and imaginative an approach to work and labor. He is full of stories of the ingenuity of the American workman and he feels that in America today the workingman is fulfilled and equal and happy beyond the wildest dreams of any Marxist. At the same time he says, "The superficiality of the American is the result of his hustling. . . People in a hurry cannot think, cannot grow, nor can they decay. They are preserved in a state of perpetual puerility."

He is slow to reject or discredit the opinions of others, largely because he is sure that ultimate ethical judgments are beyond demonstration. He seems enchanted by America at the same time that he is acutely aware of its limitations. This ambivalence toward the contemporary world, this suspension between approval and criticism, is reflected in epigram 169 in *The Passionate State of Mind*:

"There is a grandeur in the uniformity of the mass. When a fashion, a dance, a song, a slogan or a joke sweeps like wildfire from one end of the continent to the other, and a hundred million people roar with laughter, sway their bodies in unison, hum one song or break forth in anger and denunciation, there is the overpowering feeling that in this country we have come nearer the brotherhood of man than ever before."

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The Unclaimed Legacy Of George Frederick Handel

ROLAND GELATT

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, the Great Cham of eighteenth-century music, has gradually fallen into the lamentable state of being much revered and little performed. A recently published symposium on Handel goes so far as to assert that no composer of the very first rank "is now so proportionately unknown to the general musical public as Handel is." We dutifully bracket him with Bach, but we do not play him. *Messiah*, to be sure, is heard up and down the land, but this cannot properly be cited as proof of Handel's viability, for *Messiah* is primarily a seasonal observance—an institution rather than a piece of music. And even if we give *Messiah* full due, it represents only a tiny portion of Handel's lifework. Look at the statistics: forty-two operas, nineteen oratorios, eleven large secular choral works, to say nothing of anthems, cantatas, *concerti grossi*, and harpsichord pieces to be numbered by the dozens. Immured in the stout volumes published nearly a century ago by the Händel-Gesellschaft lies probably the largest unworked musical lode within reach of contemporary performers.

Is this copious Handelian ore worth excavation? The phonograph, less hidebound than the concert hall in choice of repertoire, is beginning to provide an answer. If two of the Handel recordings issued during the past year can be taken as fair examples, it would appear that the mine is incredibly rich.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has, not unexpectedly, accomplished the most dazzling exhumation—the splendid oratorio *Solomon*, recorded in England under his direction for Angel Records. This two-LP album is a compelling revelation of Handel's far-ranging genius.

The word "oratorio" sets most of us to thinking of thunderous, canonic choruses and pious airs. *Solomon*, a later work than *Messiah*, has its share of each, but its most beautiful moments come when Handel deserts both the mighty and the ecclesiastical styles for a more frankly romantic idiom, as in the verdant, bucolic music with which he surrounds the scene between Solomon and his queen. Their sensuous duet "Welcome as the Dawn of Day" and the velvety "Nightingale Chorus" must surely melt the resistance of the most hardened oratoriophobe. I am not much of an oratorio man myself, but *Solomon* has made me reconsider.

Conservatives should be warned that Beecham pays small heed to the letter of Handel's score. He has

omitted much, changed the sequence of what remains, and reorchestrated the entire composition. The accompaniment to this *Solomon* is pure Handel-Beecham, cushioned with a fragrant variety of tone such as the composer could never have summoned from the instruments of his time. What Handel would think of this orchestral updating we cannot know, but only the unalterable antiquarian would deny its beauty and its essential fidelity to the spirit of Handel. Sir Thomas is, of course, a celebrated interpreter of Handel's music; here the qualities that have earned him this reputation are all magnificently on view: the sculptured phrasing, the justness of tempo and accent, the silken accuracy demanded of instrumentalists, choristers, and soloists. This brightly recorded album should be one of the more enduring productions of the hi-fi era.

SO TOO should *Semele*, recorded on three LPS for Oiseau-Lyre by a group of English musicians under Anthony Lewis's direction, though the level of interpretative imagination does not rise quite so high. *Semele* is sometimes described as a secular oratorio, sometimes as an opera. Either way it is a dramatically adept, melodically enchanting score set to a libretto by Congreve (Pope is also suspected of having had a hand in it) that recounts the tale of Jove's dalliance with a Grecian mortal. In musical style it stands midway between the simple nobility of Purcell's *Dido* and the grander classical utterance of Gluck's *Orfeo*; and though *Semele* falls short of those masterworks in expressive power, it deserves a better fate than has befallen it—which is to be known by two airs only ("O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" and "Where'er You Walk"). These are certainly lovely pieces of vocal writing, but by no means are they the sum total of *Semele's* treasures. The work is full of such masterful passages. Somnus's "Leave Me, Loathsome Light" comes from the composer's top drawer, as does the hornpipish chorus "Now Love, That Everlasting Boy." And every devotee of Gilbert and Sullivan will detect a delightful precursor of Yum-Yum when Semele admits:

Myself I shall adore,
If I persist in gazing.
No object sure before
Was ever half so pleasing.

Anthony Lewis, who combines conducting with an academic career in musicology, prefers Handel without twentieth-century emendations. This is *Semele* pure: it is also occasionally prosaic in conception and tentative in execution. William Herbert does not mold Handel's line with the patrician elegance of a John McCormack, nor does Jennifer Vyvyan cascade through Handel's roulades with the brilliant verve of a Lilli Lehmann. But who today does? It will be a long time before we are offered a better *Semele*.

Meanwhile, the great bulk of Handel's musical legacy still awaits the enterprising record maker.

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The Gold Rush Of 1519

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE BERNAL DIAZ CHRONICLES: THE TRUE STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. Translated and edited by Albert Idell. *Doubleday. $5.*

If the Spanish conquistadores who came to Mexico were lost in a land they had never seen, there was nothing pitiful about them; they were resolute and predatory. They conquered the continent and they took the gold. It had already been sifted from the streams and worked into the forms of snakes, ducks, necklaces, bracelets—by a race that had come to Mexico on a journey as long as theirs or longer. They subjected an entire race, but they did not destroy it. It survived. It is now resurgent.

THE SPANIARDS came bearded and on horseback. The Mexicans had never seen a beard or a horse. They thought a bearded Spaniard on a horse formed part of the horse. But after a battle or two they managed to separate a Spaniard from his horse, and when both were dead and the Mexicans had tanned the skins of man and horse and placed them in their temples the idea of the Spaniard as a monster faded.

The story about the centaurs is picturesque, but cavalry is really a simple matter of armament, and when the Spaniards came they had only sixteen horses. Díaz lists them and tells the qualities of each: "La Rabona (Bobtail) . . . handled well and was fast." So the cavalry, though effective enough, could not possibly have been decisive against thousands and thousands of organized, courageous Mexican troops. The crossbowmen were more effective, and the cannon—when the Spaniards were not out of powder—more so. What really brought victory was the close-order drill of ancient Rome. That is one reason why the accounts of these battles read like the *Commentaries*, not only because of a similarity in tactics, but because Cortés, like Caesar, knew how to attract allies, bribe, corrupt, embrace men whose interest was to remain united against the invader, divide them and rule. The account that Bernal Díaz wrote—he was a simple soldier who never rose to command—resembles the *Commentaries* also because of those repeated formulas that bore the schoolboy even while consoling him, since once parsed they are happily recognizable thereafter. Thus the Mexicans always "raped women before their husbands, mothers and fathers." The Spaniards always "raised a cross."

The Gold and the Cross

There was the gold and there was the Cross. The Spaniards, with equal intensity, sought to acquire the first and spread the latter. The Cross was not a pretext for acquiring the gold. There is no arguing that fact. When Cortés fought his way into Montezuma's presence, his troops were but a handful of men in a great city. Yet the first thing he did was to tell Montezuma that his gods were cruel and evil and must be thrown out. That was a rash thing to say, inexplicable unless one assumes real shock at the sight of human sacrifice, and a mind imprisoned in the logic of the feudal Christian system.

The hair of the Aztec priests was matted with blood; the altars before their strange, cruel divinities, even the walls, were splattered with blood. The Spaniards were tough, but they had not seen that sort of thing before—there is no need to argue about theology or bring up the Inquisition. The Spaniards were soldiers, but they did not like the deliberate destruction of human beings made into a routine.

THEY HAD no business being in Mexico—unless one plays about with words and ideas: the fateful advance of civilization, the romance of discovery, stout Cortés on a peak in Darien (where he never was). They killed Mexicans for gold, but they did not like those bloody altars. The altars turned their stomachs. They put something else in their place whenever they could. "The next day, after they were whitewashed, an altar was made with good draperies and roses were ordered to be brought, as well as other flowers of the country that were fragrant, and branches of trees as garlands. He ordered that four of the priests should have their hair cut off, keep themselves clean, and dress in white to serve Our Lady, to sweep out and redecorate with branches." Spanish altars made a prettier picture.

WHENEVER a Mexican town submitted, the Mexican chiefs presented Cortés and his officers with Mexican girls, and whenever Cortés's soldiers captured a Mexican town they took Mexican girls as part of the booty. But the soldiers never managed to keep the girls for very long; as in many another war, the officers got all the girls. It is not on these occasions that Díaz brings in his ritornelle about rape. On the contrary, he is interested in listing the children of these unions, who after the conquest were Doña Maria married to His Excellency the governor of this or that, Doña Mercedes married to the captain general of such and such. He seems interested only in the girl children. What happened to the boys? They and their progeny had to wait longer, very much longer, before they too could rise to respected position in a country freed from foreign domination.

The Spaniards could indeed exploit and enslave the Indians; but they had this idea that marriage was possible between any two human beings, and whatever ignorance they carried with them did not include the assumption that Mexicans were animals without souls. That is why the simple soldier Díaz understood Montezuma so well. He started by admiring the bravery of the Mexicans he fought. He never made the mistake of claiming gallantry for his own men while saying that their opponents were monkeys climbing about in trees. The Mexicans faced

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the crossbows, the Spanish swords, and the cannon—and never flinched. Often they drove the Spaniards back. After the Spaniards entered the capital for the first time, the Mexicans forced them to withdraw. Díaz gives them credit for all they accomplished. That is good enough, and in modern times we have not improved in our recognition of enemy valor. But what is far more interesting is that Díaz—and Cortés, as Díaz reports him—could see a tragedy behind and above the military tragedy of the Mexican defeat.

When Montezuma knew that the end was near—Cortés had made him prisoner—he said "that he was pleased to be a prisoner, because either our gods were giving us power to hold him, or Uichilobos was permitting it." When, finally, he had despaired, once again Montezuma spoke with the universal and timeless sadness of a man who feels himself out of scale with fate: "I do not believe that I can do anything to end this war . . ." In a last, futile attempt to end it, Montezuma spoke to his people—they were a resistance movement that had got out of hand—and was killed. Cortés wept.

The Great Ditchdigger

LEE CULPEPPER

DE LESSEPS OF SUEZ: THE MAN AND HIS TIMES, by Charles Beatty. Illustrated with contemporary photographs, sketches, and cartoons. *Harper. $4.50.*

With some difficulty, Nasser's mobs demolished the de Lesseps statue at Port Said, but no one can destroy the image of the man who joined two continents by cutting a trench through a third. In spite of this achievement, Ferdinand de Lesseps was not an engineer; he was a promoter with influential connections and a dream.

The connections? He came of a family ennobled through ability rather than birth, who like himself served France. Count Mathieu, his father, while Napoleon's consul-general and anti-British intriguer at Alexandria, befriended the still obscure Macedonian adventurer Mehemet Ali, who was soon to seize power in Egypt. Ferdinand, vice-consul at Alexandria in 1832, earned the at least intermittently eternal gratitude of Mehemet Ali's son Prince Said, a ten-year-old fat boy, by giving him access to his favorite but forbidden food, macaroni. Back in France, de Lesseps was to have a powerful supporter in his cousin Eugénie de Montijo, Napoleon III's Empress.

THE DREAM? Simple but grandiose: to dig a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, not for the glory of Ferdinand de Lesseps or even primarily of France, but for the benefit of all mankind. (Influenced by the Saint-Simonians, de Lesseps held a mystical view of the blessings to be derived from technology, these to be

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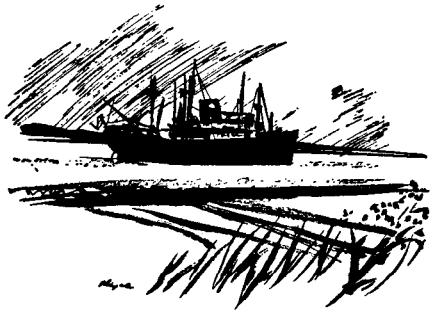
conferred by a managerial elite.) Others had envisioned the canal, among them Napoleon I. Indeed, it was his engineer Lepère's survey of a more indirect route, gathering dust in the consulate library at Alexan-



dria, that first inspired the young diplomat toward the goal which would dominate his life.

Ad Astra per Aspera

After more than two decades of distinguished public service, de Lesseps failed in an impossible Italian mission and had to resign. He became a simple country gentleman, manager of his mother-in-law's estate. Then suddenly in 1854, thanks to an assassination, Prince Said succeeded as Viceroy of Egypt, and de Lesseps left his crops to persuade his protégé of long ago to back the *Canal des Deux Mers*. "I put forward the project without entering into details . . . Mohammed Said listened with interest to my exposition. . . . Then at last he said to me, 'I am persuaded. I accept your plan.'" The well-meaning but extravagant and self-indulgent Said thought he would gain immortality as a co-benefactor of mankind; his name survives in Port Said.

It took five years even to organize a company and ten more to dig. The insular Palmerston, British Prime Minister during most of the decade 1855-1865, convinced the British financiers, on whom de Lesseps had pinned great hopes, that the scheme was chimerical—as indeed it was until the rapid victory of steam over sail and the equally rapid development of steam excavating equipment that would make Said's forced laborers unnecessary. In France, the new Emperor's support was characteristically vacillating and undependable, because his shaky position needed British support; thus Eugénie's importunities in her cousin's behalf were not always effective. De Lesseps had to appeal to small investors, mostly French, for what proved to be insufficient financial backing. (His estimates were always optimistic.)

Said's nominal overlord, the Sultan of Turkey, refused under British pressure to permit any digging, and more than once the trembling, corpulent Viceroy sabotaged the project.

These seemingly endless trials, whose complex but fascinating tale fills half of the book, would have broken the spirit of anyone but the tireless, sanguine, magnetic de Lesseps. In 1869, when he was sixty-four, the canal was inaugurated with a grand procession of craft led by Eugénie on the imperial yacht *Aigle*, from Port Said to Suez and return. From a contemporary account, "Congratulations poured in: from continents, countries, cities, towns, companies and individuals the world over. As the Viceroy of India, Lord Mayo, said in his message, this was 'universal acclaim.'"

A week later, de Lesseps, long a widower, married the twenty-year-old Hélène de Bragard, by whom he was to have twelve children. Said had died after a troubled reign of less than nine years; and in 1870 the loyal but giddy Eugénie was in exile in England, with the broken Napoleon III a prisoner of Prussia.

Panamania

De Lesseps's subsequent twenty-five years furnish an eloquent argument for retirement at sixty-five. Unfortunately, *le Grand Français* had an "incorrigible, perilous passion for human welfare. . . . Ferdinand was drawn into the Panama adventure as though into a whirlpool. Humbled before Germany in Europe, France had lost every foothold on the American continent. It would be a stroke of genius to make a new Suez between the North and the South, not only in terms of national prestige, but also as a business venture."

Again the surveys, the frenzied finance, the halfhearted governmental backing, the international complications, the endless frustrations, along with a venality of which only de Lesseps seemed ignorant. Even in his prime he could hardly have bested the earthquakes, the landslides, and the mysterious, all-conquering yellow fever. As misfortune followed misfortune, the Panama Company's affairs became so entangled that some Paris papers were bribed not for favorable publicity but for silence.

Over in Panama there was little progress—not surprisingly, considering that the present lock canal, easier to cut than de Lesseps's sea-level project, took ten years even after the yellow-fever mosquito had been discovered and brought under control. Finally the company crashed. The scandal involved so many high officials that the Third Republic might have fallen before General Boulanger, the original Man on Horseback, if he had been as intrepid as he looked.

De Lesseps's enemies had accused him of being a charlatan even during the Suez days; actually he was now a front for rascals, a doting dupe. At eighty-four he had to stand trial, and at eighty-six was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Of course the government found a technicality to avoid carrying out the sentence.

Anyway, It Was Verdi

The publishers claim no special qualifications for Mr. Beatty; from internal evidence he is an English

journalist who reads French. By sticking close to sources, including de Lesseps's own writings, he has turned out a better book than most of the timely-biography type. If the style is grandiose on occasion, the subject befits it. And perhaps he should be forgiven such minor but grievous slips as the assertion that Verdi composed *Rigoletto* to celebrate the Suez Canal's opening.

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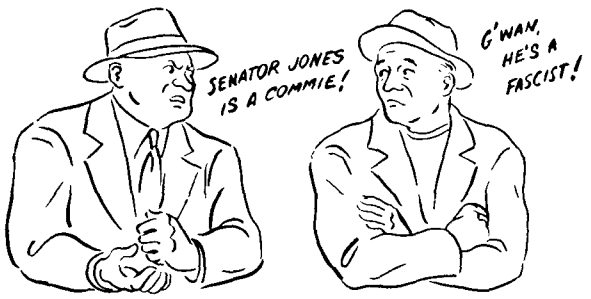

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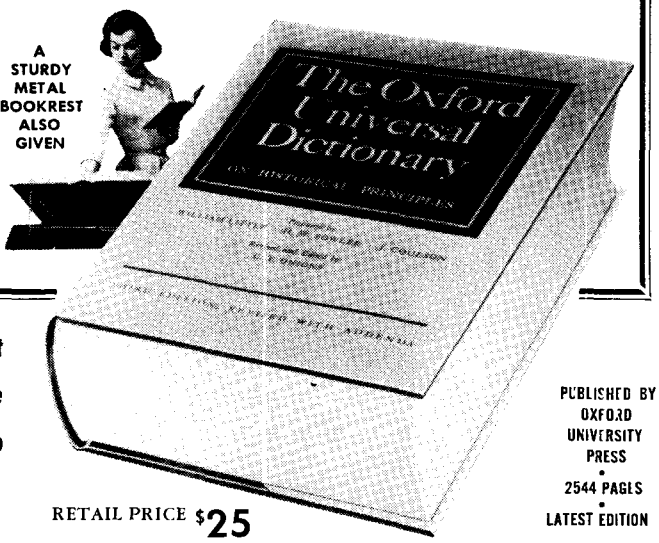

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